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IN FIRLE PARK.

I FOUND a fairy-land to-day,
A wonder-world, not far away;
I crossed no seas, I climbed no heights,
I spent no toilsome days nor nights;
I came not to it in my dreams,
Nor fancies born of morning beams;
I trod the earth, I breathed the air,
The known fields were my neighbors there;
Yet such a hallowed place I found,
Islanded from the world around.

The trees o'erreach from either side
A moss-grown path, not over-wide;
Its windings seen a little space,
Then lost in boughs that interlace.
Soon as I saw I owned the spell;
My feet in quiet reverence fell;
For there were mosses and long grass,
Catching at sunbeams as they pass;
And many leaves, new leapt from earth,
Green from their fresh and dewy birth.

But oh, that I could tell the sight,
That flooded all my soul with light!
There, 'mid green leaves luxuriant, grew
Violets, — a hundred eyes of blue.
Each cluster seemed a fairy band,
Each nest of leaves a fairy-land;
And all the air was odorous
With joys no words can tell to us,
With every unimagined thing
We dream of in the days of spring.

Alas, how small a boon are words,
By the wild raptures of the birds!
Had I a blackbird's song, perchance
E'en I might make your spirit dance,
Your soul be thrilled a little space
With my sweet memories of that place.
Now, with weak words I strive in vain;
Into my breast they turn again;
And, all unwillingly, my heart
Feeds on her heavenly joys apart.
Spectator. F. W. B.

WHERE SHALL WE ROAM?

WHERE shall we roam, O maiden mine?
To North, to South, to East or West?
Raise but thine eyes, and give the sign;
Where shall we roam? — which way is best?

See! to the North the clear, cold star
Would lead us, where the icebergs rise;
Where silence reigns, and from afar
The snowflakes falling shroud the skies.

No, no; the North is bleak and bare:
Too cold the wind, too chill the sea;
The sun itself is icy there,
The North is not the land for me.

Then seek the South, where skies are bright,
Where flowerets kiss the wand'rer's feet,
Where whisp'ring zephyrs woo the night,
And but to live and love is sweet.

Or turn thee to the dawn of day,
Land of romance and sacred tale;
Fair is the scene, nor far the way,
Thither, O loved one! let us sail.

Nor South, nor East? Then turn thee last
Where evening star-girt doth appear.
Ah no! the evening fades too fast;
The night beyond is dark and drear.

Then, maiden mine, we will remain,
We two alone; no need to roam,
Nor ever wander forth again
Afar, if love but stay at home.
Chambers' Journal. R. C. LEHMANN.

SEEKING REST.

THUS saith my soul, "The path is long to tread,
Behind me far it stretches, far before;
Wearily, drearily, sight travels o'er
Leagues that have lengthened as the slow days sped,
And wearily o'er leagues untraversed
Which I must traverse ere I gain the door
That shuts not night nor day. What need
I more
Than to find rest at last in that last bed?"

Is it well said, O soul? The way *is* long,
Weary are heart and brain and aching feet,
But 'mid thy weariness thou still art strong,
And rest unearned is shameful; so entreat
This one thing — that at last the conqueror's
song
May echo through a sleep divinely sweet.
Good Words. J. ASHCROFT NOBLE.

WHAT God us here hath given
Is time, we all agree;
What more ordain'd by Heaven,
We call eternity.

The gifts that time here proffereth
Are changing grief and glee,
Until the bridge death offereth
Unto eternity.

Upon that mystic morrow
What waiteth — joy or woe?
Myself am free from sorrow
Whilst I this comfort know:

We shall in time know gladness,
If wise in time we be,
And never then know sadness
Thro' all eternity.
MIRZA SCHAFFY.

From The Contemporary Review.
METTERNICH.*

THE publication of the papers which Metternich left behind him has now been begun, and has recalled the attention of Europe to the somewhat forgotten personality of the man who for forty years guided Austrian politics, and exercised an apparently profound influence on the whole of Europe. The weighty events and the important men of the second half of this century have naturally cast the comparatively small men and things of its second, third, and fourth decade into the shade. But here we are carried back once more to the beginning of the century, when men and things were not, indeed, wanting in the greatness of their proportions, although it might be said that they cannot compete with those of our day in lasting historical importance. In fact, the present two volumes, which are all that have as yet appeared, bring before us one of the principal agents in the events of that period to speak of them in person, and they remind us, in the most impressive way, that the old chancellor, who is to our generation nothing more than an embodiment of that long period of dull silence, was also once young, bold, active, animated, and that he played a leading part in the most stirring of all historical dramas. It is in this, and not in any unexpected disclosures, that the interest of the book lies. The autobiographical fragments, as well as the other essays of the prince, certainly show the double nature of the man in a clearer light than it has hitherto appeared in; but that was by no means the purpose of the author. It is his vanity which has played him the trick of making him betray himself, as vanity at times will do. For the rest, these memorabilia, if we may call them so, are all very general, and except for indirect psychological sidelights such as this, they offer little to interest us, either anecdotal or historical. The writer glides rapidly over everything

in the events that is really important and needs explanation. We get judgments — flattering judgments of himself especially — explanations of “principles,” but we learn nothing new about the occurrences themselves. At most, the preliminary history of the Potsdam Treaty, which was already so fully made known through Hardenberg’s “Memoir,” is completed a little.

The book falls into two, happily unequal, halves, of which the recording statesman fills the one, and the acting statesman the other. There is in the first place an “Autobiographical Memoir,” written in 1844, supplemented by a “Key to the Explanation of my Way of Thinking and Acting,” written in 1852, and interpolated with a “History of the Alliances of 1813 and 1814,” written in 1829.* Then there is a character of Napoleon, written in French in 1820, and a character of the emperor Alexander, written in German in 1829; between these are remarks by the editor, which might have been fitly given under the text, while the highly interesting quotations from unedited letters which they contain would have been better left to the second part. This second and much more comprehensive and interesting part brings together letters, despatches, reports, instructions, proposals, etc., of the years 1793–1815, and mostly in the French language. It is there that the main interest of the book centres. True, the original documents from Metternich’s official work which are here given to the public are only to a small extent unprinted before, but they, of course, contain much that is of importance, especially from the period of his Paris ambassadorship (1806–1809), and from the first period of his ministry (1809–1812), though even these are extremely fragmentary and full of gaps. However, these despatches, published here for the first time, even when they offer nothing new to the historian, are often noteworthy to the psychologist, and always entertaining and stimulating to the

* *Selection from Metternich's Papers.* Edited by the Chancellor's son, Prince RICHARD METTERNICH-WINNEBURG. Arranged by ALFONS VON KLINKOWSTROM. Authorized Original German Edition Vienna. Wilhelm Braumüller, 1880. First Part. Two volumes.

* The tone in which the emperor Francis is spoken of in this paper, as one who belonged to the past, leads me to surmise that the paper was either written for the first time, or at any rate was rewritten, after 1835.

general reader. Of course, most of the reports and decrees which are given in this work are already published either in extracts or *in extenso* in Oncken's massive "History of Austria and Prussia during the War of Liberation," while many others, often much more important, which are contained in the later work, are entirely wanting in "Metternich's Papers." Nay, we seek in vain in it for even those documents by whose publication Oncken has set the Metternichian politics of the year 1812 in a quite new and, on the whole, favorable light. Much also—as, for example, the famous nine hours' interview between Napoleon and Metternich in the Marcolini Palace at Dresden, during the armistice of 1813—we have known already as existing for more than twenty years through Thiers, to whom Metternich communicated an outline of it.* We are, moreover, already long since instructed concerning his ambassadorship at Vienna, through D'Haussonville, who had the opportunity of seeing the MS. "Memoirs and Correspondence of Talley-

* This has since been more exactly imparted to us by Helfert, in his "Marie Louise." I intentionally abstain in this review from all learned critical detail, but should like to find place here for a single observation to show a little proof of Metternich's trustworthiness. The chancellor wrote in 1857, after reading the fifteenth volume of Thiers' "Consulate and Empire," an account of his relations with the French statesman in the tone of a very great and mighty lord, who had condescended, perhaps once or twice, to receive the little ex-journalist, but had no further dealings with him. Thiers had put twelve questions to him in Brussels, in 1850, which he had answered, but their conversation was confined to the years 1809, 1810. (See this account in the "Papers," vol. i., pp. 254, 255.) Now that famous Dresden interview of the year 1813 is contained in the sixteenth volume of the "Consulate and Empire," which appeared simultaneously with the fifteenth in the year 1857. In it Thiers states, in the most distinct manner, that Metternich had communicated to him an outline of that interview. This statement, Metternich, who was then still alive, and indeed writing the account mentioned at that very time, has not publicly denied; and Thiers' version agrees so entirely, with the exception of some little points, with the Memorandum of 1820, published by Helfert, as well as with the narrative written in 1829 (published in the work before us), that since nobody could know the import of that conversation except Metternich, the chancellor, in his account of the year 1857, could have simply—not told the truth. That Thiers received other communications from Metternich after 1850, appears from the remark of the editor on the "Mission of Ottenfels to Basle" (vol. i., p. 263). This example may suffice to explain and justify certain severities in our judgment of the chancellor.

rand," and of whom Th. von Bernhardt has already made excellent use, as well as through Villemain, to whom Count Narbonne gave extensive communications; and again more recently through Hardenberg, Ranke, Gentz, Klinkowström, and J. A. von Helfert, who have gone profoundly—though not so profoundly as Oncken—into the Austrian State archives; we are already, I say, far better informed on many matters, through various important publications of the last twenty years, than through what these new volumes give us, which, for example, pass over the history of the treaty of January 3rd, 1815, and, in fact, do not so much as mention the existence of such a treaty at all. A. Beer's biography of the chancellor (in the fifth volume of "*Der Neue Plutarch*"), which is founded throughout on MS. materials, is in no wise superseded by this new publication, and I refer to this book once for all, as also to A. Springer's much older character of Metternich, although I cannot agree with all judgments of either historian, especially not, as will appear, with Springer's. As far as things personal are concerned, regarding which both the author and the editor of the work before us are very reserved, the inadvertent expressions of Talleyrand, Marmont, Humboldt, and other contemporaries, and, above all, Gentz's "Diary," Hormayr's "*Lebensbilder*," and Varnhagen's "Memorabilia," must be consulted, if we are to form a correct idea of the chancellor's figure.

Notwithstanding all this, the present publication is very valuable. For a history of the time it can only be used under condition of careful comparison with other sources. For the character of the man it is invaluable, because it gives him to us speaking without interruption for nine hundred pages long. And although the whole book as yet treats only of the period up to the year 1815, we get to hear him in the most various ages of life, now as a stripling of twenty, now as a young man in the thick of affairs and just out of the stir of battle, and now as a discreet, self-satisfied old man, who sets out the history of his life and paints himself in

the way he would like posterity to see him. A foolish and vain undertaking, we may say at the outset: foolish, because Metternich as he was is much more interesting than Metternich as he would like to be; vain, because with all his trouble he has entirely failed to present himself otherwise than as he was. If the first half of the book gives us the opportunity of learning to know the old author, the second puts the means in our hand of making the acquaintance of the young diplomatist, and all will believe my word when I say that the diplomatist was in Metternich more important than the author, the youth more interesting than the old man. But since the prince chancellor, in a dilettante way, laid so much stress on his literary talent, let us devote a little attention to the author before we speak of the statesman; all the more because the author oftentimes, and certainly without meaning it, explains the statesman, but especially because he betrays the man who has given himself such unspeakable trouble to dress himself before the eyes of posterity. The most comprehensive of his literary essays — the "Autobiographical Memoir" — furnishes the most natural occasion and instrument for describing, in a few lines, the political activity of the man till his forty-second year. The stirring history of that period may be read in Treitschke's unmatched description; the secret political games of the years 1812-1813, in particular, have now been for the first time completely unfolded to us by Oncken. But while the former, by his own warm partialities, carries us into the midst of the hot atmosphere of conflicting passions, and compels us, so to say, to feel them after him, the latter has the rare coolness of blood to be able to place himself and us outside the range of fire at a point where we can follow equally well the movements of both armies without being ourselves drawn into the disturbing fever of the fight; or, to speak more plainly, he collects, examines, and compares all statements and testimonies, like a conscientious, indefatigable, and acute investigator, and leaves it to ourselves to construct out of these materials bills of indictment, pleas of de-

fence, summings up, perhaps even, if we have the turn and gift for it, a work of literary art. I may assume that these impressions are still uneffaced from the mind of the reader, and may therefore dispense on this occasion, with picturing the dark background of the time on which the figure of the Austrian statesman moves.

I.

No one possessed in a higher degree than Prince Metternich the first and supreme virtue of the statesman, that of identifying himself with the State he served. This, however, was somewhat at the expense of the writer. The young Count Clement, born in Coblenz in 1773, educated in Strasburg and Mayence, wrote his German mother tongue almost as well as French before he settled on the Danube. The rhetorical proofs which are afforded us of that show him to be by no means an important master of style, — and who would require style from a youth of twenty if this youth was not named Goethe? — but his language is German in expression, in turning, in accentuation, as might be expected of a Rhinelander. For fifteen years obliged almost exclusively to the use of French, then from his thirty-sixth year living exclusively in Austria, he appears by-and-by to have quite lost the feeling for the German idiom. It was at that time only that Austria began again to participate in the intellectual life of Germany. But the chancellor appears to have had little intercourse with the men to whom the credit must be given of having prepared the way for this intellectual reunion. His German is not the German of Grillparzer or of Halm, it is the German of the I.R. bureaux. Regulations are made "*über seinen Vorschlag*;" certain things exist in the fullest "*Ausmasse*;" he speaks with people about the "*Tagesbelange*;" he permits himself in certain things "*einzurathen*;" he speaks of the "*vor Kurzem bestandenen Herzogthum Warschau*;" he mentions a "*besonders bei der Vertheidigung eines Platzes sich ausgezeichneten*" young man; and uses many other Austricisms. But still more strik-

ing and offensive is the French style of his German writings; they all sound like translations. Of French the chancellor is, of course, completely master. Compare his portrait of Napoleon, written in French, with his sketch of Alexander, in German, in which the only good thing is a saying of Napoleon's, which the author takes for the theme of his variations. That study of the character of Napoleon dates from the year 1820, when the author still stood nearer the events and persons, when his "system," and the pedantic tone in which he liked to discourse, had not yet ripened into their full growth; whereas the character of Alexander was not written till 1829, when the prince had already adopted the custom of regarding himself as the incarnation of political wisdom. But the chief reason of the superiority of the one writing over the other lies in the more perfect command of the instrument which it reveals.

Not that Metternich's French has the merit of a specially individual and decided style, but it is simple, correct, without pretension, and—it is living. French was the language, if I may say so, in which he acted, German the language in which he philosophized upon his actions; and Metternich's action was worth more than his philosophy. His despatches—and they are almost all in French—are written on the spur of the moment; they are deeds; their aim is to report to us what has been done, what has been heard, to indicate what is to be done, what is to be said; they have no intention of speaking about it. Metternich boasts with much self-satisfaction, and with a disdainful side-glance at professors of history, that he has "made history," and has consequently a special call to write it. Nothing can be more warranted; only in writing history one must not forget in what spirit one has made it. A scholar who has never left his study cannot see things and show them as Cæsar and Frederick could. They had everything still present to their mind; they lived through it once again. But the Metternich who writes the history lives in a quite different atmosphere, sees things through quite different spectacles and finds himself in a quite different temper from the Metternich who made the history. This is indeed not yet so much the case in the very successful, though too long, portrait of Napoleon already mentioned. As we have said, five years had hardly passed when he wrote since his last meeting with the mighty man; but more especially, as

soon as Metternich took the French tongue in his mouth, it was as if he mounted his war-horse, which of itself bore him back neighing into the lines of the combatants. How flat and abstract, on the other hand, is the whole autobiography; how indefinite and general the expression; how completely the contrary of the language of really important men,—of Napoleon's, for example, who so often speaks in these volumes, and whose words always let us see the thing itself or the growth of the thought, as if the all-encompassing veil of things were torn suddenly away. And then what repetitions, what commonplaces, what stereotyped phrases! He does not even blush "to sleep beside a volcano, without thinking of the outpouring of lava." Oh, Serene Highness, if you had used such language to the fair Frenchwomen whom you buzzed about in the Tuileries, you had lost yourself forever with them!

And as with the individual expressions, so with the whole work; no situation stands out thoroughly, no figure rises in relief from the monotonous grey background of his narrative. If conversations occur, they are given quite conventionally. Never did the emperor Francis, never did the archduchess Marie Louise, speak in such neatly-set phrases, the one to offer him the ministry, and the other to sacrifice herself, like a second Iphigenia, for the welfare of her fatherland. How completely different a ring is there in the despatches which he writes from Paris, with reports of his conversations with Napoleon or Champagny on the same evening on which he held them. So men speak. There is body and life in them; but the *Franzerl* that speaks like a leading article of the *Austrian Observer* has never lived. There are many happy words in his French despatches; his confessions affect one like a broken stream of tepid water. And if the contemporary letters and reports furnish the historian with little new, they certainly supply the general public with stimulating reading which makes up for the tedium of the "Autobiographical Memoir." For example, if you wish to form an idea of how the young count "of pleasant exterior, very polite and never loud" (Ritter Lang) made his appearance in Rastadt, read his charming natural French letters to his young wife, Kaunitz's niece. We think we see the young lord, fresh from the society of Coblenz emigrants, in the extemporized theatre at the court of the margrave, or at the plebeian table of the envoy of the Direc-

tory. No trace of all this is to be seen in the memoir. Nor does the little bit of *attaché's* talk about his Dresden period (1801-1805), which the old man warms up for us, give us any insight into the circumstances of the electoral court of Saxony, and still less a picture of the harmlessly merry young man who there won his spurs and represented his adopted country, Austria, with grace, with modesty, with perfect form, and with open eyes. The same is true of the short description of his residence in Berlin. In the despatches belonging to that memorable period, when he was enjoined to persuade Prussia to join in the third coalition, there is a warmth of emotion, often an outburst of hatred and contempt, towards the hereditary enemy, Prussia, and its worthy representatives, Haugwitz, Lombard, Lucchesini, but at times also a natural nobility of language, which has left no echo in this retrospective view of his life. This may be said in a still higher degree of the lively reports from Paris in the year 1808, when the cloud threatened to burst on Austria every minute; as also of those of the year 1810, when it had burst, and a deceitful sunshine smiled over the young alliance of the two empires. Indeed, these reports, in which he so often brings in the great potentate himself speaking, are much more interesting than even his portrait of Napoleon, which is yet the best, because the most youthful, of his literary works. The narrator, it is true, comes out rather small by the side of his mighty interlocutor, whom one hears speaking as if in the body in every one of his self-forged sentences. Only in one thing has Metternich the advantage of the great man; he is no upstart. In that respect exactly like Madame de Rémusat and all Talleyrand's friends, he is unable to express too strongly how badly bred, how awkward, how negligent in his dress, how pretentious in his manner, was the soldier-emperor. Only the prolonged dwelling on such defects comes better from a lady than from a statesman, and the Frenchwoman is a far greater adept in the art of portraiture than the German diplomatist. On the other hand, we cannot wonder that the chancellor excels the lady in the psychological analysis of Napoleon's character. Women generally see through men faster and surer than we do, but they find it harder to give a methodical account of their impressions. Metternich's delineation bears, however, the characteristic mark of minds of his stamp; it would fain seek to detract from the greatness

of the personality it describes; it passes by in complete silence Napoleon's legislative genius, which was, perhaps, greater than his military; it always strives to explain his achievements through the littleness of his contemporaries, the incapacity of his opponents, the favor of circumstances. We find nothing of all this in his Paris reports. They are cast in a quite objective style. The emperor stands before us as he lived in the flesh. One could swear about every word that he really spoke it, one could guess the gestures of the hand with which he accompanied it. And there is in all a freshness and a life which the author of these despatches never had at command again. One is almost led to believe that the old prince himself felt dimly that his box of colors contained no longer anything but grey, for he wished the manuscript of his autobiography "to remain forever, in so far as human care can so provide, in the archives of his house." But he permitted it "to be used according to time and circumstances, in order to complete defective historical works, or to correct erroneous ones." I do not know whether a service has been done to the chancellor's memory by the padding which has been contributed to the selection from his despatches; it certainly gains nothing by the comparison.

Prince Metternich was seventy-one years old when he undertook, in 1844, to write a history of his life, or, rather, a history of his public work; he was almost an octogenarian when he wrote the "Key to the Explanation of my Way of Thinking and Acting." Nothing is more natural than that he should not have given to his narrative the fresh tone which his youthful activity had breathed. It was natural, also, that he should attribute to his public life a conscious plan, which, in reality, it had hardly the repose and freedom to pursue, and that he should ascribe to himself principles on which, as a young man of thirty, he had never thought. It is equally natural, too, that his memory should, in spite of all printed and unprinted helps, play him little tricks, which do not, indeed, come up to the hardly credible errors and contradictions of Odilon Barrot in his autobiography, but which would yet be enough, if the prince had lived in Dino Compagni's times, instead of in ours, to serve as the basis of an explanation of the "Autobiographical Memoir," as the forgery of a later century. But there are also in these memoirs reticences which cannot be ascribed to bad

memory alone, and which indicate that there was an interest in concealing many things. There is a tone of self-satisfaction, and, above all, a certain moralizing, didactic strain, running through his whole view of himself, which cannot be explained without assuming a certain amount of conscious hypocrisy. This ceaseless talk about "principles," this eternal assertion of being "inaccessible to ambition" of any kind, this constant appeal to "the always clear conscience," this repeated assurance that he is governed neither by "selfishness nor love of power," but by "the historical element and the love of truth which predominated in his feelings" (what language!), — this monotonous moralizing becomes in the end not only tedious, — that goes without saying; the whole memoir is tedious, if it may be permitted to be so unpolite with so exalted an author — but it is also suspicious. "Conscience, conscience, every third word! With whom, then, are we speaking?" we are disposed to cry out, parodying Appiani's impatient words against Marinelli. Is it the same *butterfly-minister* (Nostitz) who in Paris and Vienna hovered around so many beautiful flowers, that, as even his confidant Gentz laments, he forgot the duties of his office for it? Is it the same man whom Varnhagen knew in Prague (1813) "as a free-thinker in religious things"? Is it the same statesman who held it an open question for months whether he would go in for "Europe" or for Napoleon? Goethe's saying, that men of action are always without a conscience, need not be taken literally, but it is almost certain that they cannot be so conscientious as old Metternich would fain make himself out to have been. And how useless is this pharisaical tone! Why should he have no ambition? Is a perfect statesman even conceivable without ambition? And who would have made it a charge against him, if he had thought of his own Austria before anything, and had wished, after four calamitous wars, only to enter upon a fifth when he was certain of his point? Who would have blamed him if, while a freethinker, he yet contended for Catholic interests as the minister of a Catholic power? Who would have blamed him for occasionally dividing his time between the amiable Duchess of Sagan and the business of his master? And if he had openly confessed to posterity what it first learned from the indiscretion of his confidant, that jealousy of Prince Windischgrätz caused him more sleepless nights

than the wedge which Talleyrand's intrigues were driving into the alliance of "Europe," posterity would not have praised him, but would have smiled and forgiven.

Nay, why should he not even tell an untruth bravely from time to time, if the interest of his country required it? For, after all, the wrong does not lie in telling an untruth, but in being untrue. The most veracious man may often be in a position where he must resort to a lie. And if we may give credit to contemporaries, the count did not fail to do this any more than later the prince did. "M. von Metternich is on the best road to being a statesman: he already lies quite beautifully," said Napoleon to Madame de Rémusat, respecting the young man of thirty; and Macaulay mentions, a generation later, that when some one at Lady Holland's compared the chancellor with Mazarin — whom, by the way, he profoundly despised — old Talleyrand wittily protested that "there was much to be said against that: in particular, the cardinal deceived, but never lied; M. de Metternich always lies, and deceives nobody."

In writing this autobiography of his, the chancellor went even further: he no longer told stories, for he had finished by believing those he had so often told. How this tone falls off by the side of the grand truthfulness of a Rousseau or a Goethe, — for since history is never so true as poetry, the "history-maker" cannot be so true as the poet; but even with the plain ways of Hardenberg or Palmerston, this ostentation of virtue contrasts as theatrical declamation does with natural conversation among friends. If the old man were to be believed, the supple, merry young man of the world, whom old Kaunitz declared to be a "perfect cavalier, a good, amiable man of the most exquisite *verve*," was already, at the age of twenty, a sage with fixed principles, who was deeply moved by the "moral degradation of France" in the eighteenth century, who dreaded the greatest danger to Europe from the revolution which destroyed all morality, and made it the task of his life to war against this source of evil, in order to ward off these dangers from his chosen fatherland, that paradise of innocence, the Vienna of Kutschera and Trautmannsdorf! He had "never lived a single hour for himself from his earliest youth till the thirty-sixth year of a laborious ministry." Duty alone prompted him to persevere in the thorny career which

was so distasteful to him. When still only two-and-twenty, "inaccessible to all prejudice, and seeking in everything only the truth, he shrank from political life," and "would have preferred remaining in private life, and devoting his time to the cultivation of the sciences, particularly the exact and natural sciences." "The diplomatic career might certainly flatter his ambition, but he was never all his life through accessible to that feeling." "He did not fear to fall into the false paths into which so many men were drawn by their heated imagination, and especially by their selfishness, because he felt himself to be entirely free from those faults; but he knew, on the other hand, the many and dangerous rocks of his new position" (as ambassador in Paris in 1806), "and trusted, therefore, to confine all his ambition to at least hindering evil where he saw it to be impossible to effect good." "Free as he was all his life from the sting of ambition, he felt only the weight of the chains" which the assumption of the ministry in 1809 imposed upon him, and nothing gave him courage to undertake it but "the strong and pure soul" of the emperor Francis; for he had "only two points on which it seemed possible for him to support himself—his conscience and the immovable strength of character of the emperor Francis," who naturally, also, always "obeyed strictly the voice of his conscience." The interest of Austria and the house of Hapsburg had no excitement for these two pure and strong souls. How deeply, then, had Joseph II. mistaken his Florentine nephew when he said that "noble, moral motives made not the smallest impression on him," and that only "one means, fear, could move him." The sceptical uncle doubted even as to his religious character. Not so the minister. It was only because the "pretended first marriage" of Napoleon with Josephine was a concubinage, that he could bring himself to give his pious master the advice to give the hand of his daughter to the emperor of the French. Moreover, it is nowhere stated that Metternich ever dissuaded the emperor Francis from his fourth marriage (1816) with a divorced lady. Probably the marriage of the crown princess of Würtemberg was also only a "pretended" one, because the crown prince was a Protestant and the pope granted the divorce. "Had it been otherwise, the affair could never have been thought of." As Goethe says, "To show what is moral, we give ourselves

full and free permission to commit a fraud." It is possible, but not probable, that in the year 1809 Metternich knew nothing of the ecclesiastical marriage of Josephine which was celebrated by Cardinal Fesch, before two witnesses, on the 1st December, 1804, the evening before the coronation; it is impossible that he should have been ignorant of it in 1844, when he wrote the following words: * "This question" (the divorce) "was no question for the Church, and consequently none for the emperor. Napoleon had concluded a civil marriage, and it was not a valid marriage in the eye of the Church. Had it been otherwise, the thing could certainly not have been entertained." For Francis was more scrupulous than his son-in-law; he had never climbed into any marriage-bed on which the priest had not pronounced a blessing; nor did he ever sue for a divorce, but waited always patiently till his wives died a natural death before he married again, "ere those shoes were old with which he followed his poor wife's body."

But how? I hear my friends say; thou, always so anxious to do justice to every one; thou who seekest ever to explain and understand all, even evil, instead of condemning it, and who, even when thou condemnest, always strivest to do so in the most moderate terms; who constantly maintainest thyself to be so free from all Liberal national and party bonds,—how comest thou to this bitterness? Let alone Francis, "who thought the preservation of his own person the one infinitely important thing," to use once more Joseph II.'s words; but Metternich, an important and also a well-wishing man, who at bottom sought only the best for his master and his country and carried it out in his own way? Well, and so he stood before my eyes, in spite of the conventional phraseology of virtue in which his official disclosures are couched, as a loyal opponent of a national Germany and of a free public political life—up to the appearance of the present work. But in this work the language is no longer the generally accepted language of a period, or of a profession, which implies no more hypocrisy than the social forms which we

* Assuming even that Metternich had not in 1844 known what all the world knew, and what Thiers in the following year (1845) related circumstantially in the fifth volume of his "Consulate and Empire," he must have known it in 1832 when he resumed again his history of his life which had been broken off just at this point, and ought to have corrected these last pages to which he joined on the new matter. Madame de Rémusat's "Mémoires" have recently given us some new details of Napoleon's ecclesiastical marriage.

all use when we ask with solicitude after the welfare of "our neighbor's old cat" (Heine). Nor is it here a question of the attainment of a particular positive end, or the prevention of a particular positive evil, by means of an opportune falsehood. We have here pure hypocrisy, the endeavor, demanded by nothing, and inspired by vanity alone, to set oneself in the most favorable light, with an absolute indifference to truth. It is not the enemy by conviction of all we have learned to prize that I accuse, but the hypocrite pure and simple, with whom one has no patience, whether he sits in the "Committee of Public Welfare" or in the palace of the *Ballplatz*; and the more indulgent one is to the weaknesses of men, if they leave but the germ of truth untouched, the sterner one has the right and the duty to be where naked falsehood palms itself off under the appearance of virtue.

II.

IT is fortunate for Metternich that he will be judged, not by his "Memoirs," but by his despatches; for these make clear to every unprejudiced mind how bravely and skilfully and unweariedly he fought in those hot years for the interest of Austria which was committed to him; how, allying himself with or against Napoleon, according to circumstances, he wrought honestly to prevent the unity of Germany and the independence of Italy; and with what perspicacity he constantly saw that Prussia was a much more dangerous enemy of Austria than France was. He may have sometimes erred in this Austrian politics of his, especially on the Eastern question; but at any rate he had a right — nay, it was his duty — to pursue an egoistic Austrian policy as Talleyrand pursued an egoistic French one; and would to God the Prussian diplomatists in Vienna in 1814 had been as supple, as obstinate, and as successful in their affairs as he was in his! What is intolerable is only the hypocrisy with which he continually identifies the interests of Austria with the absolute moral right; for "true power lies in right alone," and "the so-called Metternichian system was no system, but a *Weltordnung*," as he himself modestly says.

No one has, in fact, contributed more than the chancellor to introduce into diplomacy this pharisaical tone, which prevailed on the Continent from 1814 to about 1860. He himself adopted this tone only after he came under the influ-

ence of Talleyrand, who is known to have carried political cant to its extreme. The disciple was, indeed, not so shameless as the old sinner of the Rue St. Florentin. "We must never," said the uncowed and married Bishop of Autun, who had served Louis XVI., the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, who now served the Legitimist line, and was finally to serve the dynasty of Orleans; the true promoter of secularization, and now the defendant of the legitimate king of Saxony, whose ducats jingled all the while in his pockets, "We must never turn away from the true power, which consists in virtue alone. In the relations of peoples to one another, justice is the first virtue." It was "out of a true interest" for Prussia that he desired to deny her those "apparent advantages" which, "acquired by injustice and dangerous to Europe, would be fatal sooner or later to herself." The good man! That means in plain English, that Prussia should not be allowed to obtain Saxony, because the interest of France demanded the continued existence of the secondary States of Germany. As compared with language like this, Metternich's is, of course, to be called almost plain, if not even veracious. He disapproved of the incorporation of Saxony not by any means "because it would make Prussia greater," but because it would render the realization of a united Germany more difficult, if "one of the powers which are called to protect the common fatherland" should annex one of the most important states. Both documents belong to December, 1814, when Hardenberg's untimely confidence, and Humboldt's pretentious clumsiness, robbed Prussia of the fruit of her victory; and this language was thenceforward, for half a century, the universal language of European statesmen, with the exception of Palmerston. Louis XVIII. and George IV. the Virtuous, Louis Philippe and his minister Guizot, Ancillon and his crowned scholar, Lamartine and Napoleon III., all took this unctuous language in their mouth, since the greatest diplomatist of the century, thanks to this mixture of impudence and lies, had won for his conquered fatherland an entrance into the society of the conquerors.

Metternich would certainly not allow that he had first learned these "principles" of his from Talleyrand. His whole autobiography is written with the conscious intention of proving the unity and continuity of his whole life, and of show-

ing that he never erred by so much as "a finger-breadth from the ways of God." There are people who think that the merit of immobility is not so great, nay, that immobility is hardly possible in any such strict degree: "Le monde n'est qu'une branloire perenne; toutes choses y branlent sans cesse. . . . La constance n'est autre chose qu'un branle languissant." But it is only frivolous doubters, without moral earnestness, like Montaigne, who say so, because they are so far gone that they place truth before consistency, and naïvely confess: "Tant y a que je me contredis bien à l'adventure; mais la vérité, je ne la contredis pas." The chancellor was of the contrary opinion; he set no great store by truth if only consistency were proved. Does he not give himself out as having, while still a youth of seventeen, acquired this his lifelong conviction of the power of right and virtue as the two immovable pillars of all sound politics? Namely, he was sent in his fifteenth year (1788) along with his brother, a year and a half younger, to the University of Strasburg, where he remained till the year 1790, to settle then at the High School of Mayence. In the former place he had a revolutionist for his teacher, and was witness of a popular tumult. "The doctrines of the Jacobins and the appeal to popular passions filled him with an aversion which age and experience only strengthened in him." On his way to Mayence he went to the coronation of the emperor Leopold II., at Frankfort, and "felt, with the whole force of the impressionable period of youth, the contrast between the country he had just left, polluted with the first risings of Jacobinism, and the place in which human greatness united itself with a noble national spirit," — written anno 1790, in Frankfort-on-the-Main! From that hour onwards he knew what his mission in life was: "I felt that the revolution would be the enemy whom I should have further to fight, and so I set myself to study this enemy and to enlighten myself regarding his position." All at seventeen years of age! What is Pico della Mirandola as compared with this precocity? In order to study the enemy he went, on the one hand, into "the select society" of French *émigrés*, and, on the other, into the by no means select society of Mayence clubmen, such as Hofmann and George Forster. This seems, moreover, to have been the sole "study" of the young student, who, it is said, brought very limited knowledge with him from his university course.

"Kotzebue, the dramatist, lived at that time in Mayence; he was then a warm adherent of a school which, twenty-five years later, turned its dagger against him." For Karl Sand was in Metternich's eyes a Jacobin, like Stein, Gneisenau, Scharnhorst, and all others who did not count the condition of Germany before and after the revolution to be the ideal of a State, "in which human greatness allied itself with a noble national feeling."

Metternich belonged to the circle of the *émigrés* where such "principles" were considered *bon ton*; but the oiliness did not come till later. Like the whole generation from which in literature our romanticists recruited their strength, Metternich was not yet the incarnation of abstract virtue which he afterwards became. Everything has undoubtedly more moderation and taste with the born nobleman; but at bottom he shows, both in his youth and in his age, the same disposition which we see in the two men of plebeian origin who were ennobled by him, Frederick von Gentz and Frederick von Schlegel. He certainly had not the philosophical education of these two men of letters; but he was a clever young man, not exactly eminent, but with a gift of easy acquisition and a highly seductive nature. It was this amiable personality of his that conquered for him the hearts of women and princes; for it is said that both are for the most part won best by the same means. Would these have been sufficient to have set him so high, if he had not been born in a high station? W. von Humboldt says no, and favor was certainly needed in order to be nominated at twenty-one as ambassador of the German Empire at the Hague, and luck was needed in order to fill at thirty-six the prominent position of first minister of the Austrian Empire. A grand marriage with the grand-daughter of Kaunitz — which his father was clever enough to bring about, and concerning which A. Wolf, in his work on the Princess Liechtenstein, tells us many more delightful things than the autobiographer does — made it easier for him to get a first start. Nothing came of his Dutch ambassadorship, because Pichegru stopped his way by the taking of Nimwegen, but at twenty-five years old he was already representative of the assembly of Westphalian counts at the Rastadt Congress; at twenty-seven he was ambassador of Austria at Dresden; and at thirty ambassador at Berlin, where he first began properly to enter into history. The whole history of that period,

unlike that of ours, was made by young people: Napoleon, the emperor Francis, Alexander I., Frederick William III., were little older than their ministers, marshals, and envoys. In this youthful period in Berlin and Paris (from 1804 to 1809) he shows himself most brilliantly, because he was nowhere so much in his place as in the situation he filled at both these courts. Metternich was a born and finished diplomatist: confident in his address, pliable, high-bred, without conceit, with early knowledge of the world, with an easy talent for writing, and, what is the main thing, with a decided love for his work and an honest desire to promote the interest of his country. Even "mystification belonged to the natural gifts of the minister, who often made use of it in social intercourse, to the despair of men about him" (Nostitz).

Although his diplomatic activity had not the results hoped for from it, either in Berlin or in Paris, he yet did good service, and learned to know men and circumstances, which knowledge was to be of the greatest use to him a few years later. It was Talleyrand who in particular exercised a determining influence upon him. Not only because, so far as diplomatic tactics go, he was himself formed in the same school; but he was influenced by him in the substance of his politics also. Metternich certainly spoke at a later period very disapprovingly of this teacher of his, whom he classes in the same motley category with Richelieu, Mazarin, Canning, Capodistria, and other very bad men, for whom the old chancellor continually professes to have the greatest contempt. Talleyrand would probably have been quite satisfied in such company; at any rate he deserved such distinction all through; he was the truest successor of the great French statesmen of the seventeenth century, and all the greater, because he followed their doctrines and examples, not according to the letter, but with the freer guidance of the spirit. It was he who prepared the way for a Franco-Austrian alliance in 1814, because he saw that since the entrance of Russia and Prussia into the fellowship of European States, the chessboard was quite altered for France, and that Richelieu, if he were to rise from the dead, would have seen in his lifelong enemy, Austria, his natural ally against the national German power of the north. In the year 1808, however, Talleyrand was not yet in a position to think of France, for he had enough to do to think of him-

self, who had fallen into disfavor. He always asserted that he had dissuaded Napoleon from the Spanish expedition; Napoleon always denied it. However it was, Talleyrand was not in favor in 1808, and he was able to persuade Metternich that it was his wise foresight alone, and his courage to give expression to it, that deprived him of his office as foreign minister. He persuaded Metternich of much besides, and especially of this, that Napoleon would never change himself or his policy, and that, since he could not go on as he had done forever, his overthrow must inevitably come sooner or later. He had already formed a powerful and numerous party at home—it consisted of Talleyrand and Fouché, Fouché and Talleyrand—which only waited for an opportunity of ridding themselves of the usurper; a war with Austria, in which the nations would rise, as in Spain, would be the signal for an outbreak; for the French people were tired of endless war, and thirsted for peace, but knew well that it never could have peace so long as Napoleon sat on the throne. To us such language sounds simply like that of high treason; and even Metternich may have thought it so in his innermost mind, but that did not prevent him from turning it to account for himself and his master. He believed it all—as he subsequently believed Bernadotte when he predicted to him in 1814 the rising of the French people as soon as the foreign armies had passed over the borders—and he reported it all faithfully to Vienna. The whole mystery why he at that time insisted on war almost as eagerly as Archduke Charles and Stadion, lies in this. And nowhere do we see in a more striking light Metternich's talent for assimilating foreign points of view, than in the masterly despatches of the year 1808. That was all changed after he had been removed from Talleyrand's influence for four or five years. He retained the methods of Talleyrand, but Talleyrand's ideas he did not again adopt till 1814.

The period now began (1809-1813) when he *cunctando restituit rem*, or at least, by skilful temporizing and singular good luck, won a breathing-time for Austria. At what price, history tells us. The marriage of the archduchess with Napoleon was an excellent move, and at bottom one to which no objection can be made when one considers the not very delicate nature of the father and the daughter whom he sold. This marriage was entirely an affair of Metternich's, though in his auto-

biography he would have us believe the contrary; but his own writings of the year 1810 show it clearly.* It was the successful policy of these first five years of his administration, which he sought subsequently to reduce to a system, and to explain through all sorts of principles. His actual merit was great enough not to need such supplementary explanations. He preserved for Austria her position as a great power, when she was mortally wounded, robbed of her best provinces, shut out from the sea, crushed by fearful defeats, exhausted by national bankruptcy; Metternich always uses the euphemism "financial measure," — nay, he brought her out of her difficulties greater not only than he had found her, but greater than she had been since the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. And it was not luck only. No one knew how to estimate the proportions of strength better than he. He had already seen clearly, after the Vienna Peace, when he undertook the government, that in the fearful position in which Austria then stood, nothing could be done except to temporize, for he felt one thing decidedly, when he was not under the immediate personal spell of the French emperor, and that was, that that monstrous phenomenon could not last, and that catastrophe must supervene sooner or later. "We must," wrote he on the 10th August, 1809, "from the day of the peace onwards, limit our system exclusively to tacking, to parrying, to coaxing. So only shall we be able, perhaps, to preserve our existence till the day of universal redemption. . . . There is only one outlet open to us: to husband our strength for better times." He judged of men, as well as of the conditions of power, with singular clearness; he did so even when he suffered himself to be influenced by them more than was just, so long as they only appeared to go along with him, and so far as they were not exactly antipathetic, and consequently unintelligible to him; and he never suffered himself to be overawed by his opponents, not even by Alexander, not even by Napoleon. The latter had completely captivated him during his extraordinary mission to Paris after the marriage of the archduchess (spring and summer of

1810); but then nothing but the friendship of Napoleon could at that time save Austria. To have seen this was a merit of Metternich's which is not to be underrated.

He wrote from Paris in July, 1810: "We cannot flatter ourselves that we can swim between two currents and play a completely neutral part in such important questions" (the questions were about the East) "between two powers" (Russia and France), "which threaten our territory and our interests." Napoleon's friendship was, in 1810, as necessary for Austria as neutrality had been for Prussia the year before. Prussia could remain neutral after Tilsit, without going as far as friendship, because Prussia was powerless, and appeared more powerless than it was ("Prussia is no more to be reckoned among the powers," he wrote seven months later). Austria could not do so. Neutrality in the years 1810 and 1811 — when a tacit breach with Russia already existed — would have been for Austria tantamount to a siding with Russia, and a siding with Russia meant, as things were then situated, the destruction of Austria. Metternich was, therefore, quite right to work for an alliance with France; and it is, again, his later endeavor to put the matter in another light, and represent himself as the opponent of this alliance, which is blameworthy, not his attitude itself. In fact, already in the summer of 1810 he advised Austria "to make common cause with France," in spite of his conviction that Austria "had more to fear from France than from Russia." And a year and a half later he concluded the treaty of 28th November, 1811, with the view that the war against Russia would be for Austria "neither a war of defence nor a war of conquest, but a war of preservation;" and, of course, also with the hope, indeed on the express condition, that Austria would gain something, in particular Illyria and Salzburg; perhaps, also, "a part of Silesia; this compensation being only conditional upon the dismemberment of Prussia, which in my opinion will be an inevitable result of the next war." (Whether Metternich meant that the dismemberment of Prussia or the compensation of Austria was to be an inevitable result of the war, remains doubtful from the way in which he uses the German language.) But however it may be, there is no want of foresight in this. I leave it unsettled whether he predicted so definitely the return of Napoleon from the island of Elba in 1814,

* It is with difficulty I resist the temptation to show, from Helfert and from threads in Metternich's own writings in the second volume of these "Papers," how the chancellor proceeds in his "Autobiography" to make out the unity of his policy, and to turn things into their exact opposites. But the nature of this review, which addresses itself to the educated public in general, and not to experts, prevents me from going into details.

for this is attested by no contemporary document, and we know that Metternich's assurances thirty years later deserve no unhesitating confidence. But we see, from his Berlin despatches of 1805, that he foresaw Jena; that he already after Tilsit foretold the events of 1813; and that, at the very moment when Austria seemed irrevocably doomed to the fate of Prussia, he himself did not despair, but waited with fixed eye for the time when Austria would have to speak the decisive word and to do the decisive deed, in order to overthrow the whole unnatural edifice of the conqueror.

Even where he treated of the imponderable powers of history, of the currents of popular thought and popular feeling, of the power of public opinion, he often in his earlier years came to the right conclusion and expressed it in such eloquent and glowing language as he never subsequently exhibited. His despatches of the period of the Spanish insurrection are not merely masterpieces of style, but they breathe also courage and confidence and warm patriotism. Whether it was the chilling influence of the emperor Francis, or the oppressive weight of the defeat of Wagram and the peace of Vienna, or the spell which Napoleon exercised over him in 1810, because he wished to exercise it then, as he had wished to exercise the opposite two years before — Metternich the minister never again found the language which Metternich the ambassador employed, and, what is worse, he lost the spirit of mind which he then cherished, nay, the very remembrance of it seems to have gone away from him. He who had reckoned on the irresistibility of the popular movements in the Tyrol and Spain, did not for a moment believe in the rising of Prussia, and when it occurred, it came upon him like an unsuspected and uncomfortable surprise. He seems to have repented of the enthusiastic tone of Stadion's Austria of 1809, — which he had been childish enough to have shared in up till his residence in Paris, — as a folly of youth. At all events, he never again lent himself to any such illusions. When there was a question of making an appeal to the Tyrolians to rise in 1813, and the emperor Francis expressed his moral indignation against so revolutionary a measure, Metternich also expressed himself in the most contemptuous way regarding everything which "reminded him of the dangerous principles of Kalisch," laughed at Count Stackelberg, who had the simplicity to talk warmly of the re-

vival of Prussia, and is said to have in Ratiborschitz (during the armistice) promised the accession of Austria to the great alliance only on the condition that no appeal was made to the peoples. "We can only steer towards the maintenance of the cause of sovereigns."* It is amusing, although both psychologically and historically unimportant, that the same man should have begun his literary career as a youth of twenty with a call to a rising and arming of the people. The failure of the spring campaign of 1813 could of course have only strengthened the minister in his sceptical conviction, for after Grossgörschen, he still spoke of "the Prussian army which exists only in name." He had already become the practical man who believed in the palpable powers alone, and from now onwards evidence itself could not convince him that apart from cabinets and battalions there was anything else in the life of nations that should be taken into account. It is plain that if it is an advantage for a historian to have "made history," this has also its disadvantages. The professor of history is not only superior to the practical man in his more conscientious and methodical use of the original sources; but he often keeps a clear view of the moving forces of history, which are easily lost sight of when one has been too much accustomed to fix his eyes on the trees instead of the forest.

As has been said; no exception whatever can be taken to the director of Austrian policy during the decisive years 1812 and 1813. But the limits of his mind may be pointed out, and the true nature of his policy indicated. Nothing could be — to use a favorite expression of Metternich's — more correct than this policy, when we think of the situation of Austria, and Metternich conducted it with dignity and pride, not merely towards the conqueror, but also towards his own emperor; but it was Austrian, not German policy. "In relation to Austria, the expression of 'German feeling,' as it manifested itself after the catastrophe of Prussia and the northern parts of Germany in the higher strata of the population there, has simply the value of a myth." God forbid that we should blame him for this. Although himself born and educated in the Empire, he had yet, as in duty bound, become entirely an Austrian; and if, in 1805, of course under Harden-

* So Bernhardt. Oncken appears to have known nothing of this clause.

berg's influence, he still felt the fall of the elector of Bavaria as a betrayal of the fatherland, now in 1813, when the German Empire had ceased to exist, when all south Germany fought under the French flag, and when even Prussia was obliged to join the forces of the emperor of the French, the idea of the German fatherland could have for a practical statesman at the head of Austria really no more than the "value of a myth." And if he grudged great results to Prussia, was he not perfectly right? He was no apostate like his creature Gentz, who already, long before he entered Metternich's school, railed at the religion of his fathers and the country of his birth; nay, made his position by fouling his nest, and then translating into his own sophistico-rhetorical language his master's anti-Prussian policy, for he himself never had a single political idea unless he borrowed it from some one. He who desires to form a conception of the moral superiority of the minister who claimed the full responsibility for his deeds, and on whom the life and death of a great State depended, over the cowardly trembling writer whom he employed, and whom he sheltered with his responsibility, should read the vile "Memoir of Gentz on the Congress of Vienna" (II. 473-514), and Metternich's noble words to the emperor before he finally declared against France (12th July, 1813): "Can I count on your Majesty's firmness in case Napoleon does not accept Austria's basis of peace? Is your Majesty immovably determined, in that event, to commit the righteous cause to the decision of the arms of Austria and the rest of united Europe? . . . Can I reckon on this, that his Majesty will stand true to his word, and seek his salvation in the closest union with the allies?" "I must have no obscurity about this point, for every step I take will, without the exactest statement of your Majesty's pleasure, bear the stamp of an unpardonable ambiguity. We should thereby, instead of the chance of peace, and an advantageous peace, incur only the chance of universal animadversion, and of the probable ruin of the monarchy, and I should, with the best intentions for the good of the State, have become merely the unfortunate instrument of the annihilation of all political consideration, of all moral elevation, and of the dissolution of all inward and outward bonds of government." We know from Stadion that such language was necessary, that "it was impossible to calculate for so much

as a quarter of an hour on the emperor Francis," who was accustomed to "leave his ministers in the lurch, to take himself off after a lost battle, and to recommend them to the good God" (Gentz). Metternich knew that, and spoke and acted accordingly. It was because he knew how to speak and act with so much decision, after he had for three long years known how to be silent and inactive, that he attained the greatest results which he attained in his whole career. Metternich's greatest moment were the three years from 1811 to 1813. All that went before was only preparation; all that came after was only the unremitting attempt to bring into a system and to formulate as principles what a particular situation and peculiar circumstances suggested to a fine mind as the way of salvation out of straits.

III.

In fact, the great system on which Metternich in later years was wont to pride himself, was first formed after 1815. This system, whereby everything which could hinder Austria from playing a leading part in central Europe was simply "evil," or, what was the same thing in the newly-invented language, "Jacobinism" — this system consisted, as is well known, in simple immobility. Things should remain exactly as they had been rearranged with so much trouble in 1814 and 1815. When anything rose up it must be put down. Whatever existed was holy, even the Sublime Porte. Whoever attacked it was wicked. Andrew Hofer himself, if he had been alive, would have been treated as a godless Jacobin. Talleyrand had invented legitimacy; Metternich invented "right." "He is fortunate who can say to himself that he does not stand in the way of eternal right. This testimony my conscience does not deny me." What this eternal right properly was, first appears in a clear shape in the course of the autumn of 1814 under the influence of Talleyrand. Till then he felt his way, and did not as yet know whether the "eternal right" was in favor of Louis XVIII. or of Napoleon II.; nay, he contended at first against the deposition of Napoleon I., as against a violation of the non-intervention principle. (How beautifully this illustrates the "unity of this life," can only be fully measured by one who bears clearly in mind the whole polemic of Metternich after 1830 against the "revolutionary innovation of the so-called non-intervention principle.") So,

too, he was in the beginning decidedly in favor of Murat, whose Neapolitan kingdom was very convenient for Austria, and whose wife had been one of the Paris flames of the chancellor; and it was much later that he discovered the "eternal right" was not on the side of the crowned hussar. In 1810, he opposed very decidedly the partition of Turkey, but in spite of the "eternal right" laid claim to a share for Austria, if it came to a partition, and not only a share, but the "greater share." Even a bit of the patrimony of Peter might be allowed to come to Austria without the "eternal right" being violated thereby; and the eight years from Campo Formio to Presburg sufficed to establish Austria's "eternal right" to the possession of Venetia. But it was especially the question of the incorporation of Saxony in Prussia, that "immoral proceeding" as Talleyrand termed it, which showed how very wavering Metternich's idea of the "eternal right" still was in the year 1814.

At first he had, like Castlereagh, the czar Alexander, and everybody also, thought the thing quite natural, correct, nay, self-evident, and had else admitted as much formally to Prussia. It was not till the emperor Francis stated to him plainly that he would have nothing to do with the affair, that he undertook the defence of the king of Saxony, and then only "in order not to leave this part to France to perform." It was not till Talleyrand promised to support him that he began to have patriotic and legitimist scruples, and branded the incorporation of Saxony in Prussia as a sin against "the common fatherland" (*sic*!).

There would have been nothing in it, if he had not promised the opposite, and if he had simply explained that Austrian interests did not permit an aggrandizement of Prussia which would give that power too great a preponderance in north Germany. What could be more justifiable from the Austrian point of view, than that he should rather see Poland restored than Prussia strengthened, and that he should fear Prussia's supremacy in north Germany—like Russia's dominion over Poland—more than the influence of France in south Germany? That had shown itself already in the end of 1813 in Frankfort, and at the beginning of 1814 in Chatillon. He remembered too well the League of the Princes (1785), which he had already described in his first despatch in 1801 as "founded by Prussia for the carrying out conveniently its long-

cherished views of supremacy." He knew very well "the intentions of Prussia, never on any occasion abandoned, which were bent on nothing else but on making the destiny and existence of a great part of Germany instrumental, according to time and circumstances, to Prussian schemes of aggrandizement." The existence of such a jealousy of Prussia in his mind, before he devised the great system of "the eternal right," implied no kind of moral fault. Indeed he thought, even in 1804, that a true statesman, a Frederick II., would have understood how, in the position of Prussia, "to make himself the most powerful king of the Continent." If a man entertains such quite positive views of the duties and aims of statesmen, it is, to say the least, bad taste to speak of the interests of Germany as those of "the common fatherland." A man like Metternich, who knew Germany and its history, should have left it to the French to represent the maintenance and protection of the central States of Germany as a defence of German freedom.

However this may be, the more realistic and utilitarian his policy became, the more idealistic and theoretical became his language. Since 1815 he was, in fact, sure of his point; he had discovered the principle on which his whole policy rested; and not only all those who took their stand upon the work of the Vienna Congress, but also all those who, during the Congress, had opposed its decisions, were now simply revolutionaries. Nay, he lent retrospectively to his earlier feelings a definite bearing and character, which they in no wise possessed at the time. He had always justly feared and hated Prussia, as the most dangerous rival of Austria in Germany. His very first despatch, already referred to (written from Dresden, 2nd November, 1801), breathed this hatred with a juvenile *naïveté* which never came back to him in later years. And his feelings towards Prussia were not only justified by the interests and traditions of Austria; the "astute policy" of the Prussia of Lombard and Beyme, of Haugwitz and Lucchesini, was, in fact, the most untrustworthy and weakest which one could possibly think of. Of course, he hated and feared the policy of the opposite party, just as much as he hated the head of that party, Freiherr von Stein, with a double hatred, first as the representative of Prussia, and next as an idealist, in whose presence he felt as uncomfortable as, for the opposite reason, Gretchen was

in the neighborhood of Mephistopheles. But it was much later that he first discovered the revolutionary spirit in Prussia, and also in Stein. We have seen how he spoke in 1808 of the rising in Spain. When he looked back on that period forty years later, he spoke of nothing but the "revolutionary spirit which had, in the year 1807, assumed the mantle of Prussian patriotism, and afterwards the Teutonic colors, and which was represented in the years 1812 and 1813 by Freiherr von Stein, General Gneisenau," and others, and he mourned over "the revolutionary seed which had borne so much fruit in Prussia since 1808, and (1813) spread its blades over an extensive field." His anxious factotum, Gentz, that "fearless spirit," as he calls himself, had already begun before him to scent the revolutionary spirit in Prussia, his fatherland, and in Frederick William III., from whom he once demanded that he should give his country the freedom of the press. He began as far back as 1813, when he saw to his horror that the "war of liberation might develop into a war of freedom," to reduce to a system of policy his fear of all spontaneous action; he named Stein "*le véritable perturbateur du repos public de l'Allemagne et de l'Europe*," he thought things could not go on in Prussia "without an ascendancy worse than that of the French resulting from it." "There must be a return of belief, there must be a return of obedience, there must be a thousand times less reasoning, or government could no longer be carried on. The evil has assumed gigantic proportions, and threatens a radical dissolution." That was, however, too strong even for Metternich. He thought his representative inclined more than was good "to paint the situation in the most glaring colors," and mocked at Gentz for "shuddering at the sight of certain operations, as if shots fell in the field of thought;" of which we may say, by the way, that it is the only word in both volumes that has a personal character. After 1814, however, the master went beyond the servant. Revolution became the red rag to him. He lost all control, all discrimination, when he spoke of it; Lombard and Haugwitz were classed with Arndt and Jahn, Gneisenau with Robespierre. So much can system and self-confidence blind the cleverest men. "The Prussian Particularists and abstract Teutomanes" of 1813 were Jacobins. The central government of the conquered countries (1813), which was formed by "the heads of the popular

party," and, among others, by the "passionate politician," Stein, "organized the revolution, which would infallibly have broken out in Germany, but for the subsequent exertions of the united courts for their own salvation and that of their peoples." The shrewd, experienced man of the world entirely lost his gauge of men, of their social position, and of what that involved, and still more of their ideas themselves. A thoroughly aristocratic nature like that of Stein thus became to him like a democratic leveller, and he thought a Count Confalonieri would play the part of a Danton.

The volumes yet to come will enlighten us regarding the Metternich of the period of peace from 1815 till 1848. But a document recently published throws a peculiar light on his position towards the "revolution." This is a fragment from Count Confalonieri's manuscript memoirs, which M. Tabarrini has given us in his excellent "Biography of Gino Capponi."* This "reprieved" and severely health-broken man had been released for two days of his chains, which had left painful wounds upon him, when Metternich offered to pay him a visit (1824). It is not agreeable to see a man not at heart bad degrading himself to be the instrument of the freaks of tyranny of Francis, or to hear one nobleman urge another nobleman in the most pressing way to dishonor; for what else was it when he asked the count to impeach his sworn comrades, and especially the Prince Carignan (Charles Albert)? One would fain turn away from this spectacle, although it is a great satisfaction, after these attempts to seduce, to refresh oneself with the chivalrous steadfastness of the Italian. Our concern at present, however, is only with the fine-spun theories of the man, and not with his moral worth. He thought there would be no more ground for alarm from Jacobins, anarchists, and open revolutionists, if a government were not weak and already actually ruined. "No, the preaching of these cannibals can no longer give any cause for fear. But it is different with the so-called pure liberals, the doctrinaires, the philanthropists, those who band themselves together for the advancement of enlightenment and of general civilization. . . . These are the men, the opinions, the propaganda, which do injury to governments in peaceful times; these

* Gualterio had before this published a letter of Confalonieri's brother-in-law, Casati, which gives information about this visit. A full account of the long interview is given by Tabarrini, pp. 155-183.

are what alone we have now to fear and extirpate. Their opinions are gilded; they are listened to; they insinuate themselves slowly into the mind; they seduce, persuade, corrupt the very people who would be horrified by revolutionary ideas if they appeared in less seductive guises. . . . Your adherents are now our only foes. . . . You see that I am open with you. . . . The times are gone by when politics was an art of secrecy and deception; it is now one of openness and publicity (!). Austria makes no mystery in the world of its political principles. It is strong enough to uphold them unconditionally in its own states, and it is sufficiently listened to and respected to make them accepted in other states. Europe will come to see that it owes its preservation to it. France will attend to us better than it has yet done. I venture to pledge my word that Europe will in a few years be more peaceful than it has ever been before." "In a few years" Turkish dominion in Greece was overthrown against the will of Austria, the legitimate dynasty in France was dethroned, *émeutes* had become chronic in Paris, and downright insurrection flamed in Poland, in Italy, in Spain.

It is known that the chancellor never learned anything from all this, but remained after, as before the July Revolution, the man of Carlsbad and Laibach still. His autobiography shows that in 1844, — nay, even in 1852, — after his whole system, his *Weltordnung* had broken down, he still cherished the same views. "It has seldom happened to me," said he in 1834 to Varnhagen, "and in important things never, to have to retract anything or to confess myself to have been wrong." Reaction remained his political ideal, and he believed himself to be a conservative, whereas he was only an inverted revolutionary. The fundamental error of Continental politicians of the two opposite schools who always identify reaction and conservatism, and look upon the Church as the necessary ally of the conservative interest, was thoroughly shared in by Metternich and his school. The true conservative has too firm a belief in the preserving powers of society to seek to help them by violent reaction. He thinks superstition and priestcraft a greater danger to the State or to peaceful development than freedom and publicity, which are the only atmosphere for sound normal life. To the reactionary, on the other hand, an artificial standstill, where possible artificial retrogression, artificially

maintained secrecy and darkness and silence, institute the sum of all statesmanship, and the very breath of life of its activity. Unlimited freedom does not frighten the conservative so long as the supremacy of law is not called in question. He allows the laity to speak and write, so long as politicians alone are allowed to act. He stands in no way opposed to change, but only to overthrow, just as also he does not contend against alteration of laws according to times and circumstances, but only to legislation according to *a priori* theories. The reactionary, on the other hand, resembles the revolutionary in his partiality for such theories, and for violent production of certain definite social conditions, and in his impatience of the opinions of others. Now Metternich was the archetype of the reactionary of the nineteenth century, and what is worse, he was so, not from temperament, like his master, who could endure no contradiction, nor from conviction, like Joseph de Maistre. Conviction came in his case as an afterthought, and his temperament was mild, good-hearted, and disposed to toleration.

The whole profound political wisdom of which he knew how to talk so much, was at bottom nothing but the old Austrian policy which prevailed before the time of Joseph II., and to which the emperor Francis obstinately desired to return after his unhappy experiment with Stadion. It was the will of the emperor Francis, from first to last, that decided things, and Metternich was only its most willing and obedient instrument. Of course, he will have us believe that he did everything, and the *I, I, I, adsum qui feci*, is especially in these posthumous delineations intolerably prominent. He is reported to have once said in his exile that he had often ruled Europe, but never Austria; in other words, that he had no power in internal affairs, but was omnipotent in foreign relations. That is also, however, to be taken with reserve; but it is certain that at home Francis, and Francis alone, prescribed what was to be done. Metternich was only the adroit servant who found the ways and means to do the thing prescribed, and who at the same time set out that which happened — or did not happen — in high-sounding philosophical phrases; and when the hard, self-willed, spoiled sovereign had departed this life, then the minister, long before crystallized into a Polonius, carried on the play from his own hand, because it had become to him a second nature,

and he really believed that thoughts stood behind his phraseology.

Varnhagen tells us how, in the year of Francis's death, he visited the chancellor in Baden, and how astonished he was at his toleration. Everything the minister then said sounds like a chapter out of the just published autobiography: there are the same commonplaces, expressed often in the same words — a proof, by the way, what a good listener and what a faithful reporter Varnhagen was. There is the same self-sufficient, pedantic, didactic tone which became, by degrees, "excessive and very wearisome," but there is also the same fairness to persons of another way of thinking. The "powerful attraction which he possessed in so rich a degree for the most diverse natures, was due to this, that he left your mind and intelligence perfectly free." So, again, he spread "harmless freedom and security," and admitted the opinions of his guests, although the flow of his talk seldom suffered them to be expressed; nay, he boasts that nobody understood the value of freedom of speech better than he, and he could even enjoy Heine's attacks, provided his vanity was not the loser; he knows "in business neither love nor hatred;" "persons are for him entirely excluded from consideration," etc.; exactly as in the "Key to the Explanation of my Way of Thinking and Acting." There is much self-deception in all this, and even the shrewd Varnhagen was deceived by it; but there is some truth in it, nevertheless. A fine and just judgment of men is one of Metternich's best points, and this psychological insight, as well as indifference to criticism, increased in him as he advanced in life. The inexorable tyranny of the press, the Carlsbad resolutions, and everything of that sort must, in the first instance, be referred to the emperor Francis, whom Metternich served only too submissively. But we must not lose sight of the limits of Metternich's toleration. The chancellor was before all a man of society, and obeyed without trouble the supreme law of all social intercourse, that one should see in the society one visits or receives only equals, whose opinion one is bound to respect from simple good breeding, not from principle or policy. This was naturally not the case with him in official intercourse with inferiors, where discipline and hierarchical subordination are necessary. Nor was it so with him in public life, and towards social equals, whose natures were

totally different from his own. But that was not intolerance, but a defect in understanding them. He knew how to estimate all varieties of men of his own category, and gave them their due. He could even come to an understanding with a Napoleon, highly as he surpassed him, and fantastic as he could be, because he spoke the same kind of language; but he could not possibly do so with a Canning or a Stein, because the realist could see nothing but enthusiasts or reprobates in such idealists. Now he who does not understand idealism does not understand reality perfectly either. Ideas which have become facts are realities, and to mistake them even after they have become facts, is just — narrowness. A true statesman must have seen that in the years 1815-1830 revolution, as a destructive force, was no match for the reinvigorated preserving powers of society, and that to persecute it could only be to give it new strength, as it has actually done. A true statesman must have seen that revolution as a moving force was a fact which could not be suppressed, and that he had consequently to reckon with it, and not waste his time and trouble trying to annihilate it, and Metternich, who tried this, was in no wise better than the narrow politicians of the democratic school, who imagined that one could and must extirpate the conservative forces from the national life. Metternich's anti-revolutionary policy — or to speak more correctly, the anti-revolutionary policy of the emperor Francis which Metternich applied, reduced to a system, and finally believed in — has been bitterly avenged on its heirs. Thirty-three beautiful years of peace, which seemed to have been as it were made for the very purpose of affording the Continental nations a time of apprenticeship to the art of self-government, were lost, and the result was the immaturity of 1848, under the consequences of which we still labor. It is not enough that one is a perfect diplomatist, as Metternich undoubtedly was, to be also a great guiding statesman.

But were not the years of peace his work, and that of those who were of the same mind with him? And is this blessing of forty years' peace to be rated so low? Certainly not; but it is by no means so clearly made out, as it would appear from Metternich's representation of it, that the long peace was the work of the diplomatists assembled at Vienna. Much was spoken there about balance

of power, and much was spoken there about virtue, but it all issued in a higgling about souls. Talleyrand denounced the division of Poland with all the chivalrous indignation which became him so well, but he resisted its restoration, if that were to be purchased at the price of the aggrandizement of Prussia. Geographical, historical, nay, even military considerations were not from first to last taken into consideration. On the occasion of previous treaties of peace, it was asked, what province was necessary to the conqueror for his protection, what one would open an outlet for his trade, what combinations would be for the good of Europe in general; but in Vienna none asked anything, except how many souls, *i.e.*, recruits and tax-payers, it could get hold of, but whether they were south or north, whether they were Polish, Italian, or German in nationality, whether they were former subjects or new accessions — that was all sentimentality and enthusiasm to the great realists who had all gone more or less to Napoleon's school. Even the Utrecht Peace, in which the conquerors gave away quite as lightheartedly every advantage they had gained, showed more political wisdom, for it took for its basis the traditions of Europe, and the organic historical conditions and interests which had grown up, whereas chance and caprice supplied the rule for everything at Vienna. No; the Vienna Congress, which, moreover, was not led by Metternich, but by Talleyrand, had little merit in producing the forty years of peace. These were the consequence of the universal need for rest, and the profound exhaustion of Europe, and not the consequence of wise combinations on the part of the diplomatists at Vienna. What new statesmanlike thought was there realized at Vienna? Was the famous balance of power really established there? Will any one seriously assert that the kingdom of Prussia, which certainly contributed as much as the other three powers to the downfall of the common enemy, counted for as much after 1815 as any one of the other four powers? On what then did this balance of power rest, but on the dismemberment and subjection of two great civilized peoples? But, it will be said, that this was also the case with the Westphalian Peace, which yet so many historians extol as the greatest diplomatic masterpiece of all times. Yes, but Germany and Italy had recovered in 1815 the consciousness of nationality they had

completely lost in 1648, which alters the case entirely. And little as a German can praise the Westphalian Peace he must yet confess that France, which in the first half of the seventeenth century contended at the head of Europe against the thirst of the Hapsburgs for the empire of the world, understood its task in Münster better, and knew better how to execute it, than Austria understood or fulfilled its task in the beginning of the nineteenth century, when their respective parts were transposed. For even were one to admit that Metternich had a right to sacrifice the interests of Europe to those of Austria, it is still very questionable whether he did this effectively — and whether he thus introduced any new idea into history. Had not Thugut and Cobenzl already inaugurated the Italian policy of Metternich? And even if one acknowledges that it was conformable to the German and Imperial traditions of Austria to prefer seeking the basis of its position as a great power in Germany and Italy rather than in the East, and that it needed a statesmanlike genius of the first rank to strike out voluntarily into this new path, which then offered so many fewer difficulties than it now does since the awakening of the feeling of nationality in the motley Austrian Empire, and which has only been forcibly entered upon in our own day, — the way in which the two dependencies of Austria in central Europe, Germany, and Italy, were ruled, remains in the eyes of posterity an extremely short-sighted one, and in the latter country even a brutal one, which, like all short-sighted and violent government, could only weaken the governing State. And what good did Prince Metternich's conservative Eastern policy do him? Did Greece not free itself in spite of it? Was not the influence of Russia at Constantinople greater after the treaty of Adrianople than before it? Did it hinder the alliance of Hunkiar Iskelessi? Did it withdraw the Danubian principalities from Russian influence? And what was gained by the blind fear of Russia which Metternich and his creature Gentz at that time brought into vogue, which has paralyzed central Europe and kept it in a tremor for forty years, and which has not even yet disappeared, after we have had so many proofs of the aggressive impotence of that power, and after every liberated province of Turkey has developed into a secret enemy of its liberator?

And the part of leader of Europe, which the chancellor fain ascribes to himself, how long did it last? Not ten years passed after the Congress when Austria was everywhere compelled to terms, where it hoped to lead. Neither Canning, nor even Villèle, neither Nicholas, nor even Frederick William III., went in tow after Austria; and in fact it was Russia or the Western powers which gave the decisive word in all European questions and not Austria.

That ought not to make us blind to Metternich's services to Austria and Europe in a difficult time; only we should not forget how dear he has rated these services himself. Metternich who guided Austria between 1809 and 1813 past the most threatening rocks with vigilance, adroitness, and decision, let the ship he saved rot and go to pieces, because he thought that the constitution which had enabled it to weather the most dangerous storm, must also serve for the calm sea, and that every improvement only threatened its existence. There were two Metternichs, indeed,—one before and another after 1815. Not that Metternich had suddenly altered at forty,—nobody alters,—but the situation was a different one, and youth had now departed from him. Metternich had no originality, but he had a high talent for adaptation. He allowed himself to be determined by things and men; he did not determine things or men. Even where he won men to his person, he was unable to win them to his ideas, just because those ideas were wanting in all originality and all positive substance. Even in the field of diplomacy, where his proper importance lay, he was greater in defence than in attack, just because there is something creative in the offensive, and he lacked the creative power entirely. At last he persuaded himself, as we all willingly do, that his dispositions and capacities were the results of reflection and will. His want of creative power made him believe that political life had nothing at all to do with the creative, but only with the conservative activity. He thus suffered the qualities which he had developed in the strain of the moment and in the freshness of youth to slumber in tranquil times and in old age, because no lively excitement stirred them from without and called them into activity. Metternich the practical man became Metternich the theoretical. It is a pity only that the latter wrote the history of the former.

KARL HILLEBRAND.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

BUSH-LIFE IN QUEENSLAND.

XV.

CAMBARANGA AGAIN.—A WET ADVENTURE.—A HOSPITABLE REFUGE.

ON his return to Cambaranga, John found that Mr. M'Duff had come back from his northern tour, and did not appear over-well pleased that he had taken a holiday in his absence. M'Duff was one of those men who think they never can get enough work out of their subordinates. A hard worker himself, urged on by the stimulus which the immediate prospect of making money usually confers, he required that none of his people should do less than himself. John was kept at work from morning to night; and very often midnight saw him returning from business at one of the far outlying sheep-stations. For these exertions he received no pecuniary return, it being the opinion of Mr. M'Duff, as well as of many other proprietors of "Dotheboys Halls" in the colony, that the acquisition of a knowledge of bush-life, or "colonial experience," as it is termed, amply compensated for the arduous labors performed.

A dull, uninteresting ride brings him to the sheep-station. It is just time to count the flock: they are correct. John looks about him. It is a cheerless evening; the rainy season has begun—and the sky is heavily overcast. It will be a black, dark, and possibly very wet night. He hates the idea of riding home, but he knows that M'Duff makes a point of his returning in order to have him at work early.

This is the black swamp, only seventeen miles distant from home. Still eight miles to go. It is spitting rain as he canters along. The shadows grow deeper. Hark! there is a chorus of laughing jackasses; it must be sundown. It will be a frightfully dark night; now it sets in for heavy, settled rain. There will be no moon to illuminate, however opaquely, the heavy, dense clouds. It becomes quite dark. Still he jogs along, looking for the welcome light, longing for the music of the dogs. He feels his horse is crossing deep, sharp gullies,—surely he cannot be on the road. Now he passes a stream of water, and the animal's hoofs crunch the stones and gravel. There is no stream to cross on the road. He gets off and alights in grass. He knows now that his horse has left the track. The grass is

wet; but he is wet himself, and he leads his horse, feeling for the hard, smooth road with his feet. Is this it? He takes out his match-box and strikes a light. The sudden glare in the dark causes his nag to throw up his head with a jerk, and all the matches fly out on the ground — not one left. His horse has travelled this road hundreds of times — perhaps he was only taking a short cut. He mounts again, loosens the reins, and makes up his mind to trust entirely to the animal.

On they go slowly. The creature, finding the reins loose, walks away readily, tearing up large mouthfuls of grass. He must evidently have some place in view, he goes so cheerily in one direction. Perhaps he is making back to Cambaranga! How cold it is! Where on earth can he be going to now? He is climbing up steep ascents — so steep that John has to hold on by the mane; now he is descending a slippery, steep bank, and he slides yards. The trees and bushes have been very thick for some time past, and long, wet branches drag themselves across John's face and neck.

He is so wet by this time that he makes no effort to keep himself dry. The ground is streaming with water, and there is a continual sound of swush, swush, in his ears. What a night! Even the native dogs and the curlews have shelter. What would his mother think, were she alive, and did she know of his condition? He is crossing flat country now. The heavy rains have saturated the poor soil, — it is quite rotten, and the horse bogs deeply at every step. Oh, he is down, and struggling violently! John frees himself from the saddle. His feet sink in the soft mud up to the ankle. He extricates the animal, and leads him, bogging heavily, for some time. The mud splashes over his back and head. The country seems to be quite flat; occasionally the ground is hard, and he rides a little; then comes more bogging. He is fairly worn out; and on arriving at the next hard patch he makes up his mind to camp, in spite of the rain. Here is one. He gets off, and ties his steed to a tree. He has no hobble, but a stirrup-leather answers as well. The ground is two inches under water, but he is so knocked up he cares not. He spreads the saddle-cloth and lies down, with his saddle for a pillow. How his teeth chatter! All around there is heard one continued croak, croak, croak, from the throats of countless frogs. Fatigue nevertheless compels sleep, and when he awakes it is breaking day. Sad-

dling up his shivering horse, he prepares to start, not to Cambaranga now, which he should have reached last night, but towards the overseer's station, whither Mr. McDuff had asked him to follow him that morning. Which way shall he go? The country is a dead level; he cannot tell north from south, east from west. The sky is one vast, leaden cloud. He recollects hearing of a vast box-forest between the Betyammo run and this part of the Cambaranga station.

The horse he is riding was bred on it. Now it dawns on him why the brute left the road: he wanted to make back to his own old beat. What course shall he steer? He endeavors to follow back his tracks of last night, but the water is so deep in places as to prevent his seeing them. He keeps on in the direction he started in, and gets along at a pretty fair pace, considering the soft ground. In about two hours he falls in with fresh tracks. He is relieved. Some one passed this way not long ago. The tracks of the bogging horse, though filled with muddy water, are distinct enough. On he goes with spirits quite refreshed. Holloa! there are tracks of two horses now, both about the same age. He passes a bent tree and thinks he has seen it before. Now he comes to a fallen log, which he remembers. Heavens! he is following his own tracks in a circle. He begins to get frightened: he has heard of men perishing in the box-forest before. He carefully selects a tree ahead of him and makes for it, noting the place he started from. On arriving at the tree he selects another in front, keeping the last tree in a line with the first, and by repeating the plan he succeeds in travelling pretty straight. He has at least the satisfaction of knowing that he will get out of the forest eventually. The sun glimmers faintly, a pale, round spot in the clouds. It is pretty high; it must already be the afternoon.

"Chop, chop, chop, chop," in the distance, faintly. John pulls up and listens eagerly, but there is no sound. He must have been mistaken. There again! He stops immediately, and pricks up his ears. Yes, he hears it distinctly. Blacks. Now he will find out where he is. Guided by the sound, he rides up and discovers a black fellow of the Cambaranga tribe, who rejoices in the, at present, very appropriate name of "Stick-in-the-mud."

"Gooray, Ginty, Ginty. Which way you have come up, Missa Wess?"

"Me loose em road," returned the latter.

"Tut, tut, tut," responded the black, with a piteous look, shaking his head.

"Cambaranga close up?" inquires West.

"Bail good way."

The same answer is returned as to the distance from the overseer's place. Betyammo is described as "little bit, good way," and Stick-in-the-mud promises to show him on to a track leading there. John, who is faint with hunger, asks his sable friend to procure him some native honey, of which the bush is full.

"Too much big fellow water, bail ply (fly) come up, bail pind (find) him," answers the aboriginal, adding, however, the question, "You patter (eat) potchum?"

"Yohi" (yes), said John, rather doubtfully, for he is not sure how his stomach will agree with the strange meat.

"All righ; me look out." He now went from tree to tree, examining carefully the bark, and at last, after inspecting a large gum-tree, he remarks, curtly, "Potchum sit down." This he seemed to detect by the fact that there were fresher scratches on its trunk, of the kind made by the animals when ascending than descending. The tree was a very large one. Its bark was smooth like glass. Cutting a notch in the bark, and embracing as much of the huge trunk as possible with his arms, the black fellow mounted the height of the step, then standing with his toe in the notch, with his tomahawk he proceeded to cut another, about the height of his waist, which he also ascended, keeping his body flat to the tree. Step by step he gradually rose, looking like a fly walking up a window-pane, until he reached the first fork, nearly forty feet above the ground. A sudden twist enabled him to surmount this difficulty, after which he walked among the branches with the activity of a monkey. Selecting one with a hole in it, he dropped two or three small stones which he had carried up with him down the hollow, listening intently as they rumbled down the pipe. They all stopped at a particular place. Descending to the spot, Stick-in-the-mud cut into the hollow, and inserting his hand, drew forth a large opossum, its eyes blinking in the daylight.

A few knocks against the tree deprived it of life, and throwing it down, its captor descended, grinning from ear to ear his appreciation of the white fellow's compliments as to his dexterity. Blacks never move without a fire-stick; and soon the opossum, divested of its fur, was roasting on a fire, emitting a most inviting odor

under the circumstances. It makes Stick-in-the-mud, who has only lately despatched an immense meal, hungry again; and John has some difficulty in persuading him not to seize the half-roasted creature and bite out a piece.

The black fellow looks astonished; the prohibition is quite against the customs of his race; however, he gives in, contenting himself by throwing the entrails on the fire for a moment, and soon, to his guest's horror, he commenced despatching yards of the scarcely warmed intestines, at the conclusion of which operation his face presented a sickening spectacle.

Were it not that he is almost fainting with hunger, the Englishman could not touch the black, rat-looking animal, roasted in its skin, its tail curled round and round, and its paws drawn up by the heat.

Stick-in-the-mud fancies the delay is caused by ignorance as to the proper method of carving, and once more stretches forth his wet and highly odoriferous fingers towards the *plat*. Shuddering, John snatches it away, and dividing it, presents him with half. On tasting his own he finds it by no means to be despised, and even longs for a little more.

Stick-in-the-mud watches him. With the acuteness of his people he had noticed the fastidiousness which characterized the first few mouthfuls, and he roared with laughter as he saw it disappearing. "Cawbawn potchum boodgerree, bail gammon. Black fellow, cawbawn patter, my word."*

They now started for Betyammo. With wonderful instinct the black fellow found his unerring way through the bush. The country was still the same flat forest. No watercourse intersected it which could act as a guide; no mountain rose for a landmark. Mile after mile the same interminable box-forest was traversed. Overhead the clouds hung blackly, but with unhesitating confidence the child of the woods walked ahead in the direction which he felt within him to be the right one. Now and then he stopped to ascertain whether or not a bandicoot was in its nest; and once in passing he gave two or three cuts with his tomahawk to a tree, out of which he dragged an immense maggot, which he swallowed with great relish, after politely offering it to John, and laughing heartily at his face of disgust. Now they fall in with a small

* Literally: "Possum very good, no gammon. Black fellow plenty eat, my word."

track, and Stick-in-the-mud halts, saying,—

"This one wheelbarrow yan 'long o' Beetyammo,"* intimating at the same time that he himself is a "postman black fellow," travelling on a special mission from one tribe to another, and that his business will not permit him to go any further. Our friend rewarded his guide by giving him a handkerchief which he wore round his neck, and promised a liberal supply of tobacco on his coming to Cambaranga; and setting spurs to his horse, pushed along smartly, striking at last the main road near Betyammo.

Here he overtook Mr. Gray, who was returning from a visit to a sheep-station.

Guessing the young fellow's plight, the kind-hearted old gentleman hurried him home, made him drink a couple of glasses of hot grog, and brought him in dry clothes. John West had grown very much since leaving home. He was now nearly six feet high, and a strong, active, muscular fellow. Mr. Gray, on the contrary was short and very stout; and his guest could not help laughing as he surveyed himself in his host's short inexpressibles, the legs of which failed to cover his ankles, and were a world too wide around the waist. A coat to match completed his equipment; and he joined the ladies, who welcomed him with much pleasure, wicked Bessie slyly complimenting him on his appearance.

Once more the rain deluges the country, and John congratulates himself upon having met Stick-in-the-mud. As the party are about sitting down to dinner, horses are heard trotting up, and soon a drenched individual, enveloped in a huge oilskin poncho, is standing at the door, shaking hands with Mr. Gray. It is our friend Stone. His horses are turned out, his swags brought inside, and in a short time the good-looking, honest, careless fellow joins the party. He is an old acquaintance. He has just come up from Sydney, and he has news for every one.

He describes the cattle at the great Agricultural Show to Mr. Gray, and relates with much enthusiasm how the black and yellow colors of "Old Tait" were once more borne to victory by the little Barb; and, for the ladies' benefit, he gives an account of a ball at Government House, and other gay festivities in which he took part.

He describes the appearance and breeding of the latest imported horses and cat-

tle, and the shape of the greatest novelties in fashionable dress. In fact, he is a fund of information and amusement. He is acquainted with the probable price of store wethers in Victoria this coming season; and the gossip of Sydney and Brisbane is at his finger-ends. Moreover, he interests Mr. Gray very much by giving him some information about new country. When in Sydney he met some fellows who had been out exploring lately, and they gave him an account of lands away to the northward which must ultimately be of great value; and he himself has an idea of joining a party which is about to be formed in order to examine and secure some of them.

And in the room at night, which they share between them, he told John of a small windfall which came to him lately in the shape of a few hundred pounds.

"I'm going to turn over a new leaf," he remarked. "I'll go out with this expedition, take up some country, and either sell it and go out again, or try and get some one to join me in stocking it. I wish you would come too, West," he continued. "You have got some cash. You can easily double it this way, without loss; and you will pick up colonial experience in shifting for yourself far sooner than in working for others."

"I wish I could," said John; "but my money is in my guardian's hands, and I have no command of it."

"That's a pity," returned Stone. "Well, it can't be helped; but just let me give you a bit of advice. Get hold of your money as soon as you can yourself, and stick to it. Remember it is very hard for a gentleman to get along in the bush without capital. As for the laborer, he is a thousand times better off. He lands here, and he is sure of better wages than he could expect at home. His food is found. His expenses are reduced to a minimum. Every step he makes is one in advance. There are openings here for him which do not exist at home. In a couple of years he buys a horse-team; next year he has two. A small farm or a public-house follows as a natural consequence, and he is almost immediately a moneyed man, *provided he does not drink*, which is the rock he splits on too often. I consider that when an intelligent, sober, and hard-working young man lands in this colony, it is as if he had a legacy of £500 put into his pocket at home; but the gentleman's son, without capital and without a profession, is in a far different position. He works often for less wages,

* "This road goes to Betyammo."

in a highly responsible position, slaving hard to amass sufficient to make a start. He is in charge of valuable herds, and a vast property. He cannot begin in a petty way. His mind revolts from making a commencement as a carrier, or a travelling hawker, or a publican, and associating with the people that kind of work would cause him to live amongst. Should he commence business as a store-keeper even, he is dependent upon favor for custom; he must conciliate the lowest classes often, and always on a digging township. The masses cannot bear to find any man with more refined thoughts or manners than themselves. They will not tolerate independence. It is not enough to give value for money. To succeed, he must slap 'Jack' on the back, and be poked in the ribs in return. He must drink a nobbler with 'Tom,' and be ready to 'shout' for all hands at least once a day. Nor must he be annoyed if he finds 'Bill' lying on his bed, with his dirty boots, scrutinizing his most cherished photographs, and commenting on them in his delightfully brusque, frank style. It is not," continued Stone, "that a man wants to keep himself aloof from a snobbish feeling of superiority,—no sensible fellow would; but at the same time, one likes to be independent, and live among one's equals if possible. That is the reason why you find so many fellows go away down to town and spend their money. It seems so utterly hopeless, that what they can manage to save out of their small screws will ever grow into a sum large enough for them to make a beginning with, in the way they have been used to, that the natural desire for a visit to town after the seclusion of the bush, with its constant hardships, merely affords them an opportunity of spending what they have earned. They know few townspeople. They have no pleasant houses to visit at. They take up their quarters at a hotel frequented by squatters—men in whose society they have lived in the bush, and whose habits and ways are like their own, but whose purses are longer. They go from one place of amusement to another, longing for the rest of a pleasant home, sighing for the society of well-bred women in vain. Their own homes are like mine, in most cases, away across the water in old England, and so they get into a fashion of spending their money and their holidays in this manner as a matter of course. There are, however, many who like nothing better; and some young Australians, with happy homes to go to,

choose rather to spend their time in a rowdy, fast way, than among their own circle, but three parts of the bush-fellows would be glad of the chance they throw away. It is jolly enough while one is young, but it can't last forever, you know, West; so when I dropped into this little thing I put the drag on, rolled up my valise, and took my passage for Brisbane. I was sorry to leave, too. A number of northern men were in Sydney at the time, and came to see me and two or three others, who were cleaned out, off. As we steamed away from the quay, by Jove! I envied them all standing in a body there, shouting and chaffing remarks about 'old Queensland,' and sending messages to chums up in the bush; and when I thought how they would return to a good dinner at the Royal, or Petty's, or the Metropolitan, and then stroll on to the theatre, and so on, while I had to cut away back to hard work, I almost felt inclined to stay; and indeed, an hour afterwards, as we passed through the Heads, and the old 'Clarence' snorted away northwards through the dirty black night, and over a chopping cross-sea, if I could have returned I believe I would. I don't think," said Stone, ruefully, "anything can be worse than coming out of Sydney Heads on a squally, dismal evening, a little upset after a spell in town. That feeling, however, soon goes off, and as Fortune seems inclined to do the right thing this time, I'll give her every opportunity before she has time to change her fickle mind."

So saying he turned over, and was asleep almost immediately, leaving John to ruminate on what he had said with regard to his money, about which he somehow could not help feeling uncomfortable.

XVI.

THE LAMBING.—SWINDLING A NEW CHUM.

NEXT morning John returned to Cambaranga, leaving Stone, who had accepted Mr. Gray's invitation to pass some days there, to spell his horses. In a fortnight's time, however, he passed on his road north, accompanied by a Betyammo black boy, driving a number of Betyammo horses.

During the night he spent at Cambaranga he acquainted John with the fact that he had, since last seeing him, entered into a partnership with Mr. Gray, who had agreed to stock any good coun-

try which he might eventually secure, and meanwhile share his expenses, and the profits on all country he might take up and sell.

It must not be thought that during this time John West had forgotten Ruth, his guardian's step-daughter, or his affection for her. He had not long been at Cambaranga when he sought out her mother's grave, and found it a mere mound of earth—forgotten, uncared-for. The cows browsed over it, and the rats burrowed into the soft soil. No stone or cross marked the spot where that gentle heart slept peacefully, but a great currajong waved its beautiful leaves lovingly as a shelter from the fierce noonday sun and the chill night dews, its perennial greenness emblematically showing forth the eternal life into which the soul of the sleeper had entered.

He asked permission of Mr. M'Duff to enclose it and put it in order, and received from him a rather coarse reply, that he might, if he chose, make a stockyard round it. His finances were by no means in a flourishing condition, but he gladly expended the greater portion of them in causing a neat fence to be erected around this spot, so dear to the little friendless heart.

One of the men, a mason by trade, had managed to cut a neat headstone from a flat block of sandstone found in the creek, and John very often made a pilgrimage to the place, which recalled the one love-romance of his life.

It surprised him a good deal that, although he had written two or three letters to Ruth, she had never taken any notice of them, and he puzzled his brains often to find out the reason. He had always taken a brotherly care of her, and he knew she liked him. What could be the cause? Mr. Cosgrove wrote once or twice, but his letters were harsh and cold—mere exhortations to work. And of work he had enough. Sometimes John had to go out and assist in cutting down trees, and making bough-yards; at others, his assistance was needed in sinking post-holes and putting up fences; or he had to drive bullocks and bring in firewood.

It was perhaps fortunate for John that he learned these rough experiences while still young, and in a great measure they kept him from dwelling on his lonely lot. His happiest moments at this time were those passed in slumber, when his mind reviewed the most cherished recollections of his more youthful days, and revealed to

him again the loved features of his sainted mother, his grave father, and Ruth, with her wavy brown curls, and sweet, sad face.

At last lambing-time came round, and he received instructions from Mr. M'Duff to join a party of three men who were being sent out to take charge of one of the flocks. Their destination was a distant creek. The spot selected for a lambing-ground is always chosen with the object of having plenty of green feed for the ewes, so as to produce abundance of milk; but even to John's inexperienced eye this one did not look at all promising. Part of the grass had never been burned, and the remainder had been set on fire so recently, that it looked like a mere black waste. Surely a better place could have been found than this. If rain fell immediately, the grass would spring; and although at this time of the year the cold would keep it back considerably, still one might manage to get along; but there was no prospect of a change from the bright, cold, sunny weather. A black look-out, indeed, for a good lambing.

If the men grumbled at the wretched pasture, they broke into open mutiny when they saw the condition of the flock they had to attend to, and the want of comforts for themselves and necessary articles for their work. The hurdles which are required to make folds for holding sheep, and small pens to imprison such refractory ewes as will not own and "mother" their young, were few in number and of bad quality. The bark *gunyah* the men lived in was made of poor and rotten bark; and as for the ewes, they were enough in themselves to insure the failure of a lambing, even on plentiful feed.

"Toothless, ragged old grannies," muttered the hurdle-man.*

It is customary to divide a reward of sixpence per head for all lambs reared over eighty per cent. of the total number of ewes sent to the lambing, among the men whose exertions have contributed to the result. This sum is in addition to their wages. Besides this, at a lambing where the sheep are fat and the grass abundant, very little trouble is required to make things go smoothly; whereas a bad lambing makes every one working at it discontented, listless, and dissatisfied with himself, his mates, the sheep, the grass, and above all, the boss, or super, whose the responsibility or loss is.

* The man who has charge of the young lambs for the first three days after they are dropped.

It certainly did not look like M'Duff's good management sending this large flock (over fifteen hundred) to such a wretched spot. John had often heard him speak of the necessity of parting with old sheep. What could he mean by sending them here? A younger flock could stand it better. He was aware that good grass was scarce just then, but it surely was more necessary for these poor creatures to have something to lamb on than stronger ones. The overseer who attended to the wants of the men seemed glad to get away from the desolate spot as soon as he could, and M'Duff never came near it. There was clearly no hope of a percentage, or even of a tolerable lambing, and the men, disheartened and disgusted, took no interest in their work.

Day by day matters grew worse. Lambs were dropped in numbers; but so old, and weak, and hungry were the mothers, that they rather ran seeking food for themselves than "took" to their helpless offspring. Piles of lambs lay around the hurdle-yards each morning dead — with their eyes picked out, often long before death, by the cruel crows, of which, and carrion-hawks, hundreds could be seen sitting on the neighboring trees. All day long numbers of motherless, deserted, helpless creatures, with tucked-up bodies and humped backs, baaed with faint, weak voices their desire for a little food. Dead sheep lay everywhere. Not one ewe in a score cared for and nursed its lamb. Those were lucky who recovered the prostration of lambing. They had no love for their young, and no milk to give them if they had. Still lambs kept increasing by hundreds. The men did not know what to do with them. It was a mercy to kill them. There were lambs everywhere, and almost all without mothers. Lambs in the yard — lambs down at the water-holes — in the bush — in the hut, — everywhere.

It distressed John to see such a loss of property, apart from the misery of the poor, weak, starved mites that cried their little throats so dry, and their mouths so sore, as to be unable to swallow the nourishment which he sometimes procured for them from ewes who had a little milk.

It was impossible to do anything for the whole body, yet he could not sit with his hands folded; and many were the different plans which, under the guidance of the experienced old shepherd, he adopted. He made little pens of hurdles, into which any ewe that showed signs of having milk, and that would not fondle her lamb, was

put with it — both being marked with raddle in a similar way, in order that they might be detected easily in the crowd, when allowed to feed, and imprisoned again — until at length the mother got, by very force of habit, to love her young. Others, whose lambs had died, were penned up and respectively accommodated with a motherless one, on whose back was fastened the skin of its foster-mother's deceased little one. In many cases this met with success. Numerous plans were tried, some mothers being coaxed, others cajoled, and others intimidated. Some were kept on purpose to feed the poor little hungry orphans, who had been deserted by their own parents after suckling them for a few days, and who tried their puny utmost to prolong existence.

It was throughout a most painful business. Often during the night John would be awakened by a thin treble baa from some little lost waif, which had fallen asleep during the day, and which, unsought for by its mother, had lain in the bush, unnoticed, by itself. This appeal he never could withstand; and, seeking the homeless, solitary one, he would endeavor to assuage its young grief by giving it a drink from one of his penned-up milkers.

At length it was over, and the last ewe had lambed. All the mobs of different-aged lambs which had been hitherto kept apart were boxed up together, the sheep were made over to their shepherd, and the men rolled up their swags and tramped into the head-station to get paid.

The latter part of the lambing had not been so trying as the first half. Rain had fallen, and grass was comparatively plentiful; but the poor condition and age of the mothers had operated fatally against its success. There were about a hundred lambs saved, but over six hundred of the mothers had left their bones to bleach on the fatal spot. It was indeed a bad business, and John was thankful it was over; but he did not care to face the superintendent with the fatal tally of survivors.

On describing what had occurred, however, Mr. M'Duff did not seem to take it very much to heart, merely remarking that John was exceedingly unlucky with his first lambing.

Rather surprised to find his boss in such a gentle mood, the latter added a remark, to the effect that had the sheep been on better pasture the result would have been more favorable.

"It is not likely," returned his superior, "that your sheep are to have the pick of the lambing-places. They are hard enough to find of any sort this year."

"My sheep!" ejaculated the young man, wonderingly.

"Yes, of course, your sheep. You were looking after your own ewes lambing, and you are fortunate in being allowed to keep them on the station at a time when we require all the grass there is for ourselves."

"How did they become mine?" inquired the surprised new chum, bewildered about his new property.

"Become yours! Well, I—I—I——" stammered M'Duff, who, notwithstanding his greed and selfishness, had the grace to feel ashamed of the cheat which, under the direction of his unscrupulous senior, he had unhesitatingly played on the trusting lad. "The fact is, your guardian invested your money in them nearly a year ago, just after last shearing. I've got the receipt somewhere; I'll find it and give it you."

"You do not mean to say that Mr. Cosgrove has sold me that flock of ewes which are dying so fast, and paid himself with my money?"

"That is the flock he chose for you, and he cannot help the seasons. He received you on his station; invested your money for you. You have been taught colonial experience" (John laughed bitterly); "and you have had the use of the run for your sheep."

John had not sufficient knowledge of business to understand the nature of the transaction thoroughly, but he knew enough to feel alarmed.

"Will you show me the account against me in the station books?" he said, desperately, as if doubting the evidence of his ears.

He had worked so faithfully — his whole soul had been in doing his duty — that he could not believe so true an adherent and so enthusiastic a servant could have been treated so treacherously.

They proceeded to the little office, and John read against his name, in M'Duff's scrawling characters, a blotted, jumbled-up statement, which gave him to understand that almost immediately after last shearing this flock had become his. The original number (seventeen hundred) was charged to him at the unusually high figure of 15s. per head. Two hundred had died during the cold, wet season.

John knew too well the enormous number of deaths during lambing, and he

found himself now with nine hundred old ewes and a few lambs, at the mercy of his untrustworthy so-called guardian, or his managing partner, for grass to feed them with. Another glance at the books showed him that, after payment of passage-money, shepherds' and lambers' wages, there stood but a slender balance in his favor.

He said nothing: his soul was too sorely hurt to say much. Truly he had fallen among thieves; and those who ought to have protected him had made prey of him. Verily M'Duff had known how to get rid of his old ewes with a vengeance.

Mechanically rolling up his receipt for "money received from Mr. John West, price of seventeen hundred ewes, aged," he left the office, his breast swelling, more with grief at the base duplicity of the transaction than for the loss of his small fortune, which, as the money never had been in his possession, did not come home so acutely to him as it might have done. That he, who had worked so honestly, whose thoughts and energies day and night were how he might best please him under whose roof Ruth lived, should have been made the victim of so vile a swindle, so cowardly a deception! Now he understood Stone's hints about getting his money into his own hands. Now he knew the meaning of the sneers which were coupled with the names of many squatters as the proprietors of "Dotheboys Halls."

At last he believed the stories of Australian wool princes, living in England, graciously undertaking the charge of young men of capital who desired learning the art of making a fortune by sheep-farming, in order to be able to charge them an exorbitant premium for the pleasure of acting as a grocer's apprentice in their stores, combined with that of a butcher's boy at their slaughtering-yards, and finally winding up by selling them their surplus stock at prices above just rates. He had heard that the pin-money of some ladies travelling in Europe with their spouses, the lords of cattle on a thousand hills and of flocks innumerable, was derived from this source.

As he lay awake all night on his hard bunk, he passed through a "colonial experience" which opened his eyes wider to the ways of the world than they had ever been before. He had cherished the hope of rendering himself so useful to his employers as to make it worth their while to retain him in their service, under a salary which, saved with care for years,

might, joined to his own little inheritance, make him an independent man, — and now that dream was over. The next feeling was one of bitter anger and hatred to all concerned. He recollected his dislike to Mr. Cosgrove, on first seeing him. He remembered the continual drudgery of his life under M'Duff. How differently he had been treated by kind old Mr. Gray and his friend Fitzgerald! He would not stay another hour under the roof of the men he hated. He felt inclined to throttle the first of them who came in his way. And he consigned to the depths of eternal punishment Cosgrove, and M'Duff, and the hopeful Ralf, and Ru—— No, not Ruth, — he could not include her. His fierce emotion softened as he thought of her: she was virtually alone like himself; she had none of the cheat's blood in her veins: and then his father's image rose up before him; and the thought of how he had striven to secure the boy's future welfare, and that he should have died, trusting to the assurances of a wolf in sheep's clothing, nearly choked him. A fierce burst of tears relieved his pent heart; and he calmed down, wondering at the violent sobs which shook his frame and the bed he rested on.

He was resolved now — that very morning, as soon as light should come — he would go over and ask Fitzgerald's advice; but whether he advised it or not, he would stay no longer on the Cambarranga run. Sooner would he travel his sheep from one station to another than be under any obligation to his robbers.

Accordingly, avoiding M'Duff, who, to tell the truth, was not very desirous of meeting him, the lad saddled a colt, which he had bought some time before, and rode to Ungahrn, getting there about lunch-time.

Fitzgerald was not in when he arrived; and he had time to cool down a little before his host came home, which he did about sundown.

"Halloa! West, my boy! awfully glad to see you! I've been looking for a visit this good while; but I suppose lamb—— But I say, old fellow," he broke in, concernedly, as he noticed John's twitching features, "what's the matter? eh? anything wrong?"

John stammered out some unintelligible, broken, excited words about M'Duff, old ewes, and Cosgrove. Fitzgerald perceived that something was radically wrong to disturb the lad's generally quiet spirit, as this did; but he could not as yet under-

stand what it was all about. So bringing out some brandy, he made John swallow a large glassful, and then, sitting down beside him, he gradually mastered the details of the affair.

"Just like that fellow Cosgrove. Couldn't have expected anything better from him. As for old M'Duff, he is a tool — a willing tool — and will be used by him until he has grown useless, when he will have to pass under the harrow himself. I feared something of this sort before; but having heard that Cosgrove was your guardian, I was inclined to think that he would be manly enough to act fairly by you."

The honest young squatter sympathized deeply with John, more especially as he knew himself how much interest the latter had taken in his employer's service. They talked over the affair that night, and it ended by Fitzgerald's inviting John to bring his sheep over to Ungahrn until they finally made up their minds what to do in the matter.

Gladly did our friend accept the kind offer; and a week afterwards he arrived at Ungahrn with his four-footed property, like a patriarch on a small scale.

Old Mr. Gray, whose judgment on matters relating to sheep was very sound, rode over at Fitzgerald's request, and on examining the little mob, gave his opinion that they were "culls" — that is, sheep drafted out of other flocks for some fault, or on account of age. They were not a very bad lot, which he put down to the fact that the worst of them had died; and lastly, he thought they might, in the present state of the market, bring five shillings per head, and considered that it would be advisable for John to part with them after shearing, offering him, at the same time, the use of his woolshed for the purpose.

This view of matters having been also adopted by Fitzgerald, our hero succeeded in getting his old crawlers stripped of their coats, about a couple of months afterwards, by Mr. Gray's shearers, in the Betyammo shed, and eventually had the pleasure of parting with them to a buyer who, having sold his station at a high price per head for the sheep on it, was on the look-out for stock at a low figure to increase the purchase-money.

A letter which West wrote to Mr. Cosgrove, prompted by Mr. Gray, merely drew forth a reply to the effect that all business matters were in the hands of Mr. M'Duff, who had been commissioned by him to invest John's capital. This

both Mr. Gray and Fitzgerald translated into watching the means by which he might, at the most favorable opportunity, appropriate it to the station use. Young West was now offered a home by both of his kind friends; but he decided upon choosing to stay at Ungahrun, having taken a great liking to its open-hearted young master.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
ADAM SEDGWICK.

THE writer of the present article believes that he has, in common with many of his countrymen, a grievance connected with the honored name which is placed at its head. In the case of the minor grievances incident to civilized life, the recognized remedy is a letter to the *Times*: following this analogy, but bearing in mind the larger amount of space necessary to my purpose, I have determined to ask for room to publish my grievance in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine*.

The grievance in question is briefly this, that Professor Sedgwick has now been dead more than seven years, and that nothing has yet appeared in the way of biographical record. I do not know who may be to blame for this neglect, nor do I intend to cast blame upon any one; but certainly Adam Sedgwick was a man whose name and character deserve a literary memorial, and in certain respects such a memorial may be even more necessary in his case than in that of some other notable men. I say this because the actual literary remains of Sedgwick are remarkably small as compared with his great mental endowments and his fertility and ease of oral exposition. Few men could pour forth their knowledge with greater facility to themselves or greater pleasure to their hearers, but his physical and mental constitution was abhorrent from sedentary labor, and with the exception of memoirs on his own subject in the transactions of learned societies he wrote nothing for publication on systematic principle, and the few precious relics of his literary composition were the result of accident, or of something very nearly deserving to be so described.

I trust it will not be otherwise than agreeable to those who have commenced reading this article of complaint and grumbling, to follow me in a few miscellaneous remarks concerning the life and sayings and doings of Professor Sedg-

wick, based chiefly upon personal knowledge and friendly intercourse. They may serve to keep alive the question which I hear not unfrequently asked — When are we to have a "Life of Sedgwick"? and at the same time by their very imperfection they may serve to hasten the production and publication of a book for which many of us have long been looking, and have hitherto looked in vain.

Professor Sedgwick was born at Dent, in Yorkshire, in June, 1784, and died in January, 1873, at his rooms in Trinity College, of which he had been a fellow since the year 1810. He took his degree as fifth wrangler in 1808, when Lord Langdale headed the list.

Several reminiscences of his early days in connection with his dearly-loved native valley of Dent are to be found in the curious book to which I shall refer presently, as one of his few literary relics. The only incident of his early Cambridge life to which I ever heard him refer was a severe illness, some kind of fever, which nearly terminated his career during his undergraduate course. He was "keeping" at the time in rooms in or near the clock-tower on the north side of the Great Court of Trinity College, very near to the set of rooms connected with our recollections of his closing years. The power of the fever was such that his medical attendants entirely despaired of his life. They had in fact left his room, and were walking up and down upon the pavement beside the chapel, waiting to hear the last news before they left the college. The news however did not come, and after a time it was suggested and determined that they should go back and look at the patient again. To their surprise they found him not only not dead, but apparently somewhat stronger than when they left him. One of the physicians in attendance, Sir Busick Harwood, said to his companion, "This is a very strong young man; let us try-if we can do anything more for him." Accordingly some kind of blister was suggested. The poor young patient seems to have shrunk from the anticipated suffering, and asked something as to the effect the application would have upon his flesh. To this question he received the coarse, and I presume not very professional reply — "Oh! — the flesh, if we can only save the life." The last almost despairing effort was successful; at all events the patient survived, and told the tale of his illness almost precisely as I have here given it.

In the mathematical tripos Professor

Sedgwick obtained (as has been already said) the place of fifth wrangler. It was in the days of *brackets*, that is to say, the list of honors as it first came from the hand of the moderators was regarded as a first approximation, and men who were joined together in the same bracket had the opportunity of fighting the battle out under the direction of some master of arts appointed for the purpose. Sedgwick was in the first bracket, and the battle was fought out under the direction of the Rev. George Barnes, then tutor of Queen's, who told me that he found no reason to alter the order in which the names came to him, that the men were so different in their reading that he could have put them in almost any order by a special choice of questions, but that the man who impressed him most as possessing inherent power was Sedgwick. This verdict agrees with that which those who knew him in after life would have been disposed to accept as correct: he could never have been what Cambridge examiners would describe as a "good examination man," while it would certainly be impossible for any one to come in contact with him either as an examiner or otherwise without being deeply impressed by his brilliant mental power.

Nothing of a very notable kind marked his career till his appointment to the geological chair in 1818. He seems to have been elected more in consideration of his general capacity for any kind of scientific work than in consequence of any demonstrated fitness for the special department of geology: his own feeling may be judged from a saying attributed to him by Cambridge tradition, "Hitherto I have never turned a stone, henceforth I will not leave a stone unturned." In truth the number of tried and accomplished geologists in those days was exceedingly small; his chief competitor was, I believe, Mr. Gorham, a man of really scientific mind, but whose name subsequently became better known in a different way.

Probably no one could have been chosen more capable of giving an impetus to an almost nascent science than Sedgwick. He spared no pains in making himself practically acquainted with his subject; the Cumberland and Westmoreland hills, so dear to him from early association and neighborhood to his native valley of Dent, as well as the mountains of Wales, and the flats of Cambridgeshire, were the scenes of his constant labors. But besides bringing himself abreast of existing knowledge, and attempting a move in ad-

vance, he had a wonderful power of making his science popular with the members of his university. This he did by means of his lectures, and his field excursions. With regard to the former, I should be disposed to say that, considered in the abstract, they were not equal to others which have been given by scientific men; he was not equal as a clear expounder of a scientific subject to the present astronomer royal, or Professor Tyndall, or the late Professor Willis. He did not present his science—at least in those courses of lectures which I have myself had the delight of attending—in a manner which could be described as first-rate, with regard to clearness of order and logical arrangement; in fact, if a student wanted to "get up" geology for an examination, I should judge that Sedgwick's lectures would not have been the most profitable employment of his time; but for the purpose of exciting present pleasure in the reception of knowledge, and enthusiasm of desire to become geologists, few expositions of the subject could have been more successful. It was a positive delight, independently of all question of geology, to watch the bright countenance, and listen to the eloquent and absolutely unpremeditated language of the professor, as he moved about from diagram to diagram, or described specimen after specimen, sometimes throwing in some remark of high morality or bright poetry.

He used to tell a story concerning one of his lectures, which was amusing as he told it, and will perhaps bear reproduction. He was lecturing upon a fossil elephant, and observed, much to his surprise and vexation, that his class constantly lost their gravity; whenever he referred to his elephant, the whole class smiled and tittered; it looked like intentional disrespect, the existence of which he could however scarcely believe; so he continued his lecture to the conclusion, and then said to a friend, "What could possess my class to-day? They did nothing but laugh." "Don't you know?" was the reply; "whenever you referred to the fossil elephant, you invariably called it a *whale*." The professor confessed that the reiteration of "this whale," of which, however, he was totally unconscious even when the secret was revealed to him, was too much for the gravity of the most sober class.

Ladies were freely admitted to his lecture-room, at all events, in the later period of his career; and their presence gave the professor unfeigned delight. But it was

the geological field-days which made Sedgwick's tenure of his professorship most notable. There were many more horses, if I mistake not, both proprietary and conductitious (to use a phraseology which I remember to have heard Whewell quote with great gusto), in Cambridge in those days, than now; and on geological field-days, many animals of both descriptions, but especially the latter, turned out for a run across country. Geologizing and hunting were put on the same footing as regards risk to horseflesh; and I remember well the oracular manner in which the head man at the chief livery stables, known popularly as "George," responded to a complaint of overcharge for the hire of a horse upon one of the professor's excursions. "A guinea a day," said George, "is the regular price; but when they goes hunting or jologizing we doubles it." The present writer never joined the geologizing party, but he has often heard of the delights of the day; the professor, who rode roughly, and it may be hoped securely, rather than elegantly, taking the lead of the field, stopping to explain to the assembled class a deposit here, and a singular phenomenon there, keeping the whole party alive with his bright spirits and happy chat, and enjoying as heartily as the youngest some amusing minor disaster, such as the lodgment of a horse and a rider in some soft fen ditch.

To what extent Sedgwick really advanced his science I am not competent to say, and I do not intend to give an opinion; but that his teaching, and the wonderful geniality of his character tended to popularize geology, and to blow into life any latent spark which might exist in the minds of Cambridge men, there can be no doubt; and it may be that the impetus which he gave to the science by his lectures, his field-days, and the improvement of the Woodwardian Museum may be greater than any direct benefits conferred by his published memoirs; but this I leave to the judgment of more competent persons than myself.

He always used to speak with great delight of the share which he had had in the founding of the Cambridge Philosophical Society. The annual dinner of that society was one of his red letter days; and one of the chief inducements to attend the dinner was, to me at least, the prospect of hearing Sedgwick make an after-dinner speech. His speeches on such occasions were the most remarkable things of the kind I have ever heard;

they sometimes began with a wild exuberance that nearly touched upon the region of nonsense, and then, apparently without effort, they rose to the solemn and almost to the sublime; the combination without incongruity of lofty morality with almost boyish fun was quite wonderful, and almost Shakespearian. It must have been on getting up at one of these dinners, that he explained the nervousness often felt on standing up to speak by maintaining that the vital spirits were very much in the nature of a fluid; as long as you were sitting it was all right, but the moment you stood up they left your head and went down into your boots. I shall have a few more words to say concerning Sedgwick's eloquence subsequently, but just now I am speaking of his part in founding the Cambridge Philosophical Society. He used to attribute the principal share in the work to Dr. Edward Daniel Clark, of whose enthusiasm in scientific and other matters he spoke with equal enthusiasm; he told us that the first conception of the society was that of an organization for the study of natural history, and he somewhat regretted that the overwhelming mathematical bias of Cambridge had, to a great extent, changed the original design, and that our memoirs were so exclusively mathematical as they then were. He was, however, proud of Cambridge mathematics, and I remember to have heard him express his satisfaction thus: "I rejoice," he said, "in the progress of mathematical science; I measure it in this way; I am a stationary kind of being with regard to mathematics; the progress of the science may be measured by the small amount of that which I am able to understand; and I give you my word of honor that I have not been able to understand a single paper that has been read before this society during the last twenty years."

Sedgwick took a lively interest in the British Association for the Advancement of Science, from its commencement. I remember hearing a characteristic story in connection with one of the meetings, which I may introduce here in illustration of what I have said of his remarkable gift of natural eloquence. On occasion of one of the meetings — I think, at Newcastle, but certainly in a coal district — Sedgwick undertook to head an exploring party into the neighborhood, and to give a peripatetic lecture on the geological features of the country. As the party marched from one point to another, its number gradually increased; the strange fascination of the

leader's manner and speech, which I have myself noticed on other occasions, produced its result here; men left their work to follow the steps of the great professor, and towards afternoon Sedgwick woke up to the fact that the little class of *savans* who had started with him in the morning had grown into a crowd of listeners, composed chiefly of colliers and the like. Thereupon the fire kindled; Sedgwick went off into one of his irregular floods of unpremeditated original oratory, rose from the physical (as he delighted to do) to the moral, and gave his rough audience the benefit of his thoughts and kindly advice. A witness of the scene, who described it to me, spoke of it as one of the most wonderful he had ever seen; the whole heart and attention of every one present was gained as by magic, every eye was fixed, while on most faces tears of emotion were seen quietly trickling down.

The mention of the British Association in connection with Sedgwick's eloquence reminds me of an amusing little event which occurred on the occasion of the visit of the Association to Cambridge in 1845. For some reason which I cannot explain, Dr. Whewell, then master of Trinity College, had taken up a very strong opinion against the propriety of the visit; Professor Sedgwick was equally anxious that the visit should take place. Accordingly a meeting was summoned in one of the schools, at which the momentous question was discussed whether the Association should be invited or not. The professor described the event as a "wrestling-match" between the master of Trinity and himself. Of the master's speech I need say nothing here; the professor's reply was most spirited and most amusing, and perhaps chiefly remarkable for the bold manner in which he set aside logic, and trusted his case to the guardianship of burning rhetoric. He first drew a picture of the appalling result to the prospects of the Association which must surely follow from Cambridge giving it the cold shoulder. He assured us that it was nothing less than a question of life and death; that the society could scarcely survive such treatment from such a body; and, having worked out this view of the subject to his heart's content, he suddenly, and without notice, adopted and supported with equal eloquence the exactly opposite view. "Did we think that the British Association would suffer from such treatment? No; our conduct would all recoil upon ourselves. We should be disgraced

in the judgment of all right-judging persons, while the Association would soar," etc., etc., etc. It was the most barefaced thing I ever witnessed; but every one laughed, every one was delighted, and the resolution in favor of inviting the Association to Cambridge was carried almost, if not quite, unanimously.

I never had the pleasure of hearing Sedgwick preach; I imagine that in order to have heard him to perfection one ought to have been present on the occasion of one of his visits to Dent or its neighborhood, when I am told that the dalesmen flocked to church in great numbers and listened to him with much enthusiasm. But there is one sermon of his which has had an unusual history, and which is remarkable as being the foundation or kernel of the largest book which ever came from his hand. He was invited to preach the commemoration sermon in the chapel of Trinity College in the year 1832. This he did, and treated in a very striking and earnest manner the great question of the "Studies of the University of Cambridge." He was of course requested to print the sermon, which he also did, and by-and-by he enriched it with annotations. The sermon has gone through five editions, and in the last occupies the central ninety-four pages of a very stout volume. The book begins with an introduction of four hundred and twenty-two pages, and concludes with notes which occupy no less than two hundred and twenty-eight; so that in its ultimate form the sermon itself is the least important part of the work, and has been compared to a few grains of wheat between two huge millstones.

A noted Scotch professor used to say that there was "some fine confused eating" in a singed sheep's head; and a similar criticism may perhaps be applied to Sedgwick's "Discourse on the Studies of the University," with all the miscellaneous matter which is bound up with it. It is a delightful book, either to read continuously, or to take in hand for an odd half-hour; but I fear that its interest will decline as time goes on. Some of the matters discussed have already been left behind in the intellectual arguments of the present day; and perhaps also it is necessary to have known the man as he was in life, and to have loved him, in order thoroughly to appreciate a book which is a flagrant breach of almost every rule that can be laid down for authors who wish to construct a book *secundum artem*.

It has been already said that Sedgwick's literary relics were something like the results of accident. True as this is with respect to the volume to which reference has just now been made, it is perhaps still more true with regard to another interesting relic, which, so far as I know, has not yet been published, though it was circulated in print during his lifetime.

The origin of the book, or rather books to which I now refer, and which belong to the concluding period of his life, as the "Studies of the University" belongs to the early part of his career, is exceedingly droll and characteristic. It seems that a chapel had been built in an outlying district of his native parish, of which he was one of the trustees, and which received the name and was always known by the name of Cowgill Chapel. The new Midland Line between Carlisle and Settle runs close to it. In the course of ecclesiastical improvement it was arranged that a separate district should be assigned to this chapel, and a scheme, having been prepared for the purpose according to the usual course by the ecclesiastical commissioners, was duly submitted to her Majesty in Council and became law. When the professor saw the scheme his indignation knew no bounds; the familiar name of Cowgill was got rid of altogether, and another name which belonged to the district—namely, Kirthwaite—substituted. But this was not the worst. Apparently through the instrumentality of the curate in charge, Kirthwaite had been changed into Kirkthwaite. That strange unauthorized *k* was gall and wormwood to the professor's mind. He got up a memorial to the ecclesiastical commissioners, praying that *Kirkthwaite* might at least be changed back to the authorized *Kirthwaite*, or, still better, *Cowgill* restored. Alas! the scheme had received the royal approval, and the commissioners had no power. The professor felt that all that he could do was to address his fellow dalesmen, make a protest against the whole proceeding, especially against the rash and unjustifiable introduction of that *k*, and then leave himself in their hands. This he did; and we are indebted to the objectionable scheme assigning a district to Cowgill Chapel, for one of the most charming repertoires of old memories concerning the ways and customs of the Yorkshire dales nearly a century ago that can well be imagined.

The book is called "A Memorial by the Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, with a

Preface and Appendix on the Climate, History, and Dialects of Dent." It produced more effect than the professor expected, as he himself explained fully in a supplementary volume. I will tell the story, however, as it came under my own notice. Happening to be in Cambridge some time after reading the book, I called upon the professor at his rooms in Trinity College, he being confined to his rooms by indisposition of some kind. We soon began to talk about his book, for a copy of which I thanked him. He brightened up at once, forgot all his maladies, and exclaimed with great delight, "Oh, my poor little book has been in the great places of the earth; the queen has summoned it to court!" He then went on to say that her Majesty had heard of the book, and expressed a wish to see it, and that he had transmitted a copy. He added, if I rightly recollect, that he would not have a copy put into court dress, but preferred that his little book should appear before her Majesty "in all its rustic simplicity."

The result of the professor's literary ebullition was remarkable, and probably unparalleled. His grievance, which to most onlookers would seem to be trifling or even infinitesimal, was remedied by act of Parliament. A clause was inserted in a bill in the year 1869 by which it was enacted as follows:—

Whereas by an order in Council, bearing date the ninth day of September, 1865, a district Chapelry was annexed to the Chapel of Cowgill, in the Parochial Chapelry of Dent, in the Parish of Sedbergh, in the County of York and Diocese of Ripon, to be called by the name of the District Chapelry of Kirthwaite, such District Chapelry shall henceforth be called by the name of the *District Chapelry of Cowgill*, and not by the name of the *District Chapelry of Kirthwaite*.

Nothing could exceed Sedgwick's joy at the success of his efforts. He gave vent to his feelings in a second little volume, addressed to his fellow dalesmen, and entitled "A Supplement to the Memorial of the Trustees of Cowgill Chapel, with an Appendix." In this supplement he narrates the whole history of the transaction in a tone of profound gratitude to the queen, and then runs off *more suo* to all kinds of interesting particulars concerning the early history of Dent.

I have ventured to introduce the name of the queen into this little narrative, because it was impossible to disconnect her Majesty from the story of Cowgill Chapel

and the objectionable & in the fictitious Kirkthwaite. I trust I may be permitted to introduce the same name once again, for the purpose of recording a characteristic story of Professor Sedgwick. Some time after the queen's great bereavement, the professor received an invitation to Windsor: this of course was generally known through the ordinary channels of information. Shortly after his return to Cambridge a friend said to him, "You have been to court, professor, since I saw you last." "No," he replied, "I have *not* been to court; I have been to visit a Christian woman in her affliction." These were very characteristic words, and I am not wrong in saying that those who knew him will recognize them at once as having the ring of genuineness. The words themselves, as well as the visit which gave rise to them, are indicative of that peculiar gentleness of heart and sweetness of character, combined with robust faith and perfect Christian simplicity, which made him as welcome a companion in the chamber of sickness and death, as his genial disposition and his fund of interesting and amusing talk made him to be in the combination room or the family circle. Perhaps I may give, as a companion to the story of the visit to Windsor, the following which occurred within my own circle of experience. A parishioner of mine at Cambridge, who, amongst other occupations, worked at geology, and so became well known to Sedgwick, was taken ill and died. During his illness he caused a portrait of Sedgwick to be hung upon a wall where he could constantly see it as he lay in a state of weakness; and before he died his last wish was that the professor would come to see him once more, which he accordingly did.

Speaking of portraits, I may observe, by the way, that the lithographed likeness taken from a chalk drawing by Samuel Lawrence is an admirable representation of the man as he was in the vigor of middle age. Notice the eye, it is excellently well represented, it has a force in it which it has been given to few eyes to possess. It seemed capable of expressing almost any passion. Those who did not know him well might fear from the manifest vigor of it that it was capable of showing terrific bursts of anger; but it never did, within my knowledge, though I have seen it flash with almost awful fire when I have heard him denounce something which he regarded as wrong. Its general habit was to melt into the gen-

tlest expression of fun or kindness, or to convey the impression of the man of genius. I have seldom seen such an eye. It was altogether a grand face, having, however, the beauty of the forest oak rather than that of the garden plant.

There must be in existence hundreds of letters which would be available for a biography. Whether his scientific friends received many worthy of reproduction on scientific grounds I do not know; possibly not; but there must be abundance of bright, chatty letters, written in the fullness of his heart to intimate friends, a selection from which would be exceedingly welcome to those of the present generation who had the privilege of knowing him. I venture to introduce one specimen into this fugitive sketch. It is scarcely a specimen; there is nothing remarkable in it; it is only a gossiping reply to a letter in which I had asked him to give me a copy of his "Supplement;" but note the kindly tone which runs through it, and observe how the octogenarian speaks of his companion of fourteen, and also how he brings in the little bit about the *Bagshot Sand* at the end.

Bournemouth, Hants,

April 22, 1870.

MY DEAR LORD—Your letter has found me out. Just come, in a Trojan post-horse. My letters are forwarded from Trinity College in packets. One of them came with thirteen full-grown letters in its abdominal cavity, and so I naturally called it a Trojan horse. The one which has brought your kind letter from Rose Castle was less prolific. It only turned out a litter of eight. Fortunately, I had put a copy of my "Supplement" among the books my servant packed for me before we left Cambridge. I actually anticipated some friendly demand like that with which I have been honored by his lordship of Rose Castle; and I am giving myself as much praise as I deserve, and a little more, for this act of thoughtfulness. My servant will make a B. P. parcel of the little pamphlet and send it off, I hope, by this day's post.

I suffered greatly from bronchitis in the spring months of this year, and when I became convalescent, I was advised by my doctor to seek out a warm nook on the south coast, and halt there for a week or two, that my lungs may recover a healthy tone, and my general health may be renovated. I now am very little. The weather has been very beautiful, but very searching, and I have caught a slight cold which has this day confined me to the house. Only I went out at 11 A.M., muffled and bandaged like a mummy, to take a hot bath. Fortunately, the bath-house is close to our door, in the very next house to this hotel.

On my way hither I halted at Bath (with a lad of fourteen for my companion, who has been driven from Marlborough College by the bad fever), and we did thoroughly enjoy that magnificent bathing establishment; and we had friends to cheer us. We have no friends here; and the state of my health hardly allows me to make any. My companion is performing morning, noon, and night upon a bicycle which I gave him, and of which he is not a little proud. He performs upon it very well.

Let me now turn my face from the bishop, and look at his lady and his daughters — at all his establishment. I send to them my kindest greetings, and ask God to bless them all, and to fill their hearts with gladness.

All this part of Hampshire rests upon a sterile sand. Left to itself it produces nothing better than heath and furze bushes; and its look is featureless, barren and desolate. But pine-trees will grow in this *Bagshot Sand* (as geologists call it); and the town, when I first saw this coast in 1821, along with our friend Whewell, was a very small starvation village. It now peeps out in multitudinous grotesque villas of all shapes and sizes, which, in combination with the dark evergreen woods, produce a very lively effect. It has, I think, an American look about it. But my paper is done, and I have wound up my tales.

I remain, my dear lord,

Very faithfully yours,

A. SEDGWICK.

I cannot close this paper more appropriately than by quoting the last paragraph from the "Supplement," the last words that the professor printed.

But if a long life has been given me, am I to murmur because the infirmities of age are beginning to press hard upon me? God forbid that such should be my bearing while under my Maker's hand! Nay, rather let me laud his holy name for the countless and ill-deserved blessings he has showered upon me; and humbly ask him for Jesus' sake, his anointed son, to pour into my heart the grace of thankfulness, and to cheer the remnant of my fast-waning life with hopes becoming my grey hairs, and my Christian profession. While asking my God and Saviour to help me in calling up such thoughts as these, I wish also to impress them upon my dear old friends in Dent, and in the neighboring dales (and not upon the aged only, but upon all my brother dalesmen of whatever age), especially now that I am winding up my final conclusion, pronouncing my farewell, and asking God to bless my dear birth-dale, and those who dwell within it.

I have now had my say, and given utterance to my grievance; and I conclude by asking whether we are ever, and if so how soon, to have a memoir of Adam Sedgwick?

HARVEY CARLISLE.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"WHAT does the doctor say?"

"Oh, Mr. Fairfax! worse, far worse than nothing! He looks at us as if his heart would break. He has known us all our lives. He steals out through the garden not to see me. But I know what he means. I know very well what he means," Alice said with unrestrainable tears.

"But the other one from London — Sir Thomas — he is going?"

"This afternoon, but it will not do any good. Mr. Fairfax, will you telegraph once more to Paul? I don't think he believes us. Tell him that papa —"

"Don't say any more, Miss Markham; I understand. But one moment," said Fairfax; "Paul will not like to find me here. No, there is no reason why — we have never quarrelled. But he will not like to find me here."

"You have been very kind, very good to us, Mr. Fairfax; you have stayed and helped us when there was no one else; you have always been a — comfort. But then it must have been very, very dismal and gloomy for you to be in a house where there was nothing but trouble," Alice said.

Her pretty eyes were swimming in tears. It gave her a little pang to think that perhaps this visitor, though he had been so kind, had been staying out of mere civility, and thinking it hard. It was not out of any other feeling in her mind that she was aware of; but to think that Fairfax had been longing to get away perhaps, feeling the tedium of his stay, gave her a sharp little shock of pain.

"Do not speak so — pray do not speak so," said Fairfax, distressed. "That is not the reason. But I think I will go to the village. There I can be at hand whatever is wanted. You will know that I am ready by night or day, but I have no right to be here."

Alice looked at him, scarcely seeing him through the great tears with which her eyes were brimming over. She put out her hand with a tremulous gesture of appeal.

"Then you think," she said, in a voice which was scarcely louder than a whisper, "you think — it is very near?"

Fairfax felt that he could not explain himself. In the very presence of death could any one pause to think that Paul

might find a visitor intrusive, or that the visitor himself might be conscious of a false position?

"No," he said, "no—how can I tell? I have not seen him. I could not be a judge. It is on Paul's account—but I shall be at the village—always at hand whatever you may want."

This reassured her a little, and the glimmer of a feeble smile came on her face. She gave him her trembling hand for a moment. He had been very "kind." It was not a word which expressed his devotion, but Alice did not know what other to use—very—very kind.

"The house will seem more empty still if you go. It seems so lonely," said Alice; "like what it used to be when they were away in town and we left behind. Oh, if that were all! Paul ought to have been here all the time, and you have taken his place. It is unjust that you should go when he comes."

"I shall not go," said Fairfax softly. He had held her hand in his for a moment—only for a moment. Alice, in her grief, was soothed by his sympathy; but Fairfax, on the other hand, was very well aware that he must take no advantage of that sympathy. He would have liked to kiss the trembling hand in an effusion of tender pity, and if it had been Lady Markham he might have done so; but it was Alice, and he dared not. He held himself aloof by main strength, keeping himself from even a word more. There was almost a little chill in it to the girl, whose heart was full of trouble and pain, and whose tearful eyes appealed unconsciously to that "kindness" in which she had such confidence. To be deserted by any one at such a moment would have seemed hard to her. The house was oppressed by the slow rolling-up of this cloud, which was about to overcloud all their life.

Lady Markham now scarcely left the sick-room at all. When they warned her that she would exhaust herself, that she would not be able to bear the strain, she would shake her head with a woeful sort of smile. She was not of the kind that breaks down. She was sure of herself so long as she should be wanted, and afterwards, what did it matter? Now and then she would come out and take a turn or two along the corridor, rather because of the restlessness of anguish that would take possession of her than from any desire to "change the air," as the nurse said. And when she was out of the room Sir William's worn eyes would watch the

door. "Don't leave me alone," he said to her in his feeble voice. He had grown very feeble now. For by far the greater part of the time he was occupied entirely with his bodily sufferings; but now and then it would occur to him that there was something in his pocket-book, something that would give a great deal of trouble, and that there was somebody who wanted to see him and to force an explanation. How was he able, in his weak state, to give any explanation? He had entreated his wife at first not to allow him to be disturbed, and now, when everything grew dimmer, he could not bear that she should leave him. There was protection in her presence. By turns it occurred to him that his enemy was lurking outside, and that all his attendants could do was to keep the intruder at bay. Now and then he would hear a step in the corridor, which no doubt was *his*; but the nurses were all faithful, and the dangerous visitor was never let in. At these moments Sir William turned his feeble head to look for his wife. She would protect him. As he went further and further, deeper and deeper, into the valley of the shadow, he forgot even what the danger was; but the idea haunted him still. All this time he had never asked for Paul. He had not wished to see any one, only to have his room well watched and guarded, and nobody allowed to disturb him. When the doctors came there was always a thrill of alarm in his mind—not for his own condition, as might have been supposed, but lest in their train or under some disguise the man who was his enemy might get admission. And thus, without any alarm in respect to himself, without any personal uneasiness about what was coming, he descended gradually the fatal slope. The thought of death never occurred to him at all. No solemn alarm was his, not even any consciousness of what might be coming. He never breathed a word as to what he wished to be done, or gave any directions. In short, he did not apparently think of death at all. The idea of a dangerous and disagreeable visitor who would go away again if no notice was taken of him, and of whom it was expedient to take no notice, was the master idea in his mind, and with all the strength he had he kept this danger secret—it was all the exertion of which he was now capable.

A visitor in the house at this melancholy period had, it need not be said, stood in a very unusual position. He scarcely knew the family, and yet he was

one of them, sharing their anxieties at the most serious crisis they had ever known. There are some people who have a special knack of mixing themselves up in the affairs of others, and Fairfax was one of these. He was himself strangely isolated and alone in the world, and it seemed to him that he had never found so much interest in anything as in this family story into the midst of which he had been so suddenly thrown. Almost before he had become acquainted with them, circumstances had made him useful, and for the moment necessary, to them. He was an intruder, yet he was doing the work of a son. And then in those long summer evenings which Lady Markham spent in her husband's sick-room, what a strange charmed life the young man had drifted into! When the children went to bed, Alice would leave the great drawing-room blazing with lights, for that smaller room at the end which was Lady Markham's sanctuary, and which was scarcely lighted at all, and there the two young people would sit alone, waiting for Lady Markham's appearance or for news from the sick-room, with only one dim lamp burning, and the summer moonlight coming in through the little golden-tinted panes of the great Elizabethan windows. Sometimes they scarcely said anything to each other, the anxiety which was the very atmosphere of the house hushing them into watchfulness and listening which forbade speech; but sometimes, on the other hand, they would talk in half-whispers, making to each other without knowing it, many disclosures both of their young lives and characters which advanced them altogether beyond that knowledge of each other which ordinary acquaintances possess.

Nothing like love it need not be said was in those bits of intercourse, broken sometimes by a hasty summons from the sick-room to Alice, or a hurried commission to Fairfax—a telegram that had to be answered, or something that it was necessary to explain to the doctor. In the intervals of these duties, which seemed as natural to the one as to the other, the girl and the young man would talk or would be silent, somehow pleased and soothed mutually by each other's presence, though neither was conscious of thinking of the other. Alice at least was not conscious. She felt that it was "a comfort" that he should be there, so sympathetic, so kind, ready to go anywhere, at a moment's notice; and she had

come to be able to say to him "Go" or "Come" without hesitation, and to take for granted his willing service. But it was scarcely to be expected that Fairfax should be unconscious of the strangeness of the union which was invisibly forming itself between them. At first a certain amusement had mixed with the natural surprise of suddenly finding himself in circumstances so strange; but it must be allowed that by degrees Fairfax came to think Sir William's illness a fortunate chance, and so long as absolute danger was not thought of, had no objection to its continuance.

But things had daily become more grave from day to day. Sir William, without doubt, seemed going to die, and Paul did not come, and the stranger's services became more and more necessary, yet more and more incongruous with the circumstances of the house. The whole came to a climax when Gus whispered that revelation across the table in the inn parlor. The excitement and distress with which Fairfax received it is not to be described. Could it be true? Certainly Gus was absolutely convinced of its truth, and unaware of any possibility of denial. Fairfax asked himself with a perplexity more serious than he had ever known in his life before, what he ought to do. Was it his duty to say something or to say nothing? to warn them of the extraordinary blow that was coming, or to hold his peace and merely look on? When he went back up the peaceful avenue into the house which he was beginning to call home—the house over which one dread cloud was hanging, but which had no prevision of the other calamity, he felt as if he himself were a traitor conniving at its destruction. But to whom could he speak? Not to Lady Markham who had so much to bear—and Alice—to tell such a tale to Alice was impossible. It was then that he determined at any cost that Paul must come, and he himself go away. That Paul would not tolerate his presence in the house he was aware of, instinctively feeling that neither could he, in Paul's place, have borne it. And to go away was not so easy as it once might have been; but there seemed no longer any question what his duty was. He put up some of his things in a bag, and himself carried them with him down the avenue, not able to feel otherwise than sadly heavy and sore about the heart. He could not abandon them; but he could not stay there any longer with that secret in his possession. His tele-

gram to Paul was in a different tone from those which the ladies sent.

"The doctors give scarcely any hope," he said. "Come instantly. I cannot but feel myself an intruder at such a moment; but I will not leave till you come."

Then he went sadly with his bag to the Markham Arms. Was it right? Was it wrong? It even glanced across his mind that to establish himself there by the side of Gus might seem to the Markhams like taking their enemy's side against them. But what else could he do? He would neither intrude upon them nor abandon them.

Fairfax calculated justly. Paul, who had resisted his mother's appeals and his sister's entreaties, obeyed at once the imperative message of the other man who threw the light of outside opinion and common necessity upon this duty. He arrived that night, just after the great London physician, who had come down to pronounce upon Sir William's condition, had been driven to the railway. Paul indeed had not the carriage, and had said to himself that it was all an exaggeration and piece of folly, since some one from Markham was evidently dining out. There were, however, all the signs of melancholy excitement which usually follow such a visit visible in the hall and about the house when he reached it. Brown and one of his subordinates were standing talking in low tones on the great steps, shaking their heads as they conversed. Mr. Brown himself had managed to change his usually cheerful countenance into the semblance of that characteristic of an undertaker's mute.

"I knew how it would be the moment I set eyes upon him," Mr. Brown was saying. "Death was in his face if it ever was in a man's."

Paul sprang from the lumbering old fly which he had found at the station with a mixture of eagerness and incredulity.

"How is my father?" he said.

"Oh, sir, you're come none too soon," said Brown. "Sir William is as bad as bad can be." And then Alice, hearing something, she did not know what, rushed out. Every sound was full of terror in the unfortunate house. She flung herself upon her brother and wept. There was no need to say anything; and Paul, who had been lingering, thinking they did not mean what they said, believing it to be a device to get him seduced into that dangerous stronghold of his enemy's house, was overcome too.

"Why did not I hear before?" he said.

But nobody bade him remember that he had been told a dozen times before.

Sir William was very ill that night. He began to wander, and said things in his confused and broken utterance which were very mysterious to the listeners. But as none of them had any clue to what these wanderings meant, they did not add, as they might have done, to the misery of the night. There was no rest for any one during those tedious hours. The children and the inferior servants went to bed as usual, but the elder ones, those who had been long in the family, could not rest any more than could those individually concerned; the excitement of that gloomy expectation got into their veins. Mrs. Fry was up and down all night, and Brown lay on a sofa in the housekeeper's room, from which he appeared at intervals looking very wretched and troubled, with that air of half-fearing, half-hoping the worst, which gets into the faces of those who stand about the outer chamber where death has appeared. Nothing however "happened" that night. The day began again, and life, galvanized into a haggard copy of itself, with all the meals put upon the table as usual. The chief figure in this new day, in this renewed vigil, was Paul, who, always important in the house, was now doubly important as so soon to be master of all. The servants were all doubly careful of him that he should not be troubled; messages and commissions which the day before would have been handed uncereemoniously to Fairfax, were now managed by Brown himself as best he could rather than trouble Mr. Paul; and even Mrs. Fry was more anxious that he should lie down and rest, than even that Alice, her favorite, should be spared.

"It will all come upon him *after*," the housekeeper said.

As for Paul himself, the effect upon him was very great. Perhaps it was because of the profound dissatisfaction in his mind with all his own plans, that he had so long resisted the call to come home. Since his father had left Oxford, Paul had gone through many chapters of experience. Every day had made him more discontented with his future associates, more secretly appalled by the idea that the rest of his life was to be spent entirely among them. He had left his rooms in college, and gone into some very homely ones not far from Spears's, by way of accustoming himself to his new life. This was a thing he had long intended to do, and he had been angry with

himself for his weak-minded regard for personal comfort. But unfortunately his enthusiasm had begun to sink into disgust before he took this step, and his loathing for the little mean rooms, the narrow street full of crowding children and evil odors was intense. That he had forced himself to remain, notwithstanding this loathing, was perhaps all the worse for his plans. He would not yield to his own disgust, but it inspired him with a secret horror and opposition far more important than this mere dislike of his surroundings. He saw that none of the others minded these things, which made his existence miserable. Even Spears, whose perceptions in some respects were delicate, did not smell the smell, nor perceive the squalor. He thought Paul's new lodgings very handsome; he called him Paul without any longer even the apologetic smile which at first accompanied that familiarity, as a matter of course. And Janet gave him no peace. She called him out with little beckonings and signs. She was always in the way when he came or went. She took the charge of him, telling him what he ought to do and what not to do, with an attempt at that petty tyranny which a woman who is loved may exercise with impunity, but which becomes intolerable in any other.

It was thus with a kind of fierce determination to remain faithful to his convictions that Paul had set himself like a rock against all the appeals from home. His convictions! These convictions gradually resolved themselves into a conviction of the utter unendurableness of life under the conditions which he had chosen, as day by day went on. Nothing, he had resolved, should make him yield, or own himself mistaken — nothing would induce him to give up the cause to which he had pledged himself. But now that at last he had been driven out of that stronghold, and forced to leave the surroundings he hated, and come back to those that were natural to him, Paul's mind was in a chaos indescribable. After the first burst of penitence and remorse, there had stolen on him a sense of well-being, a charm of association which he strove to struggle against, but in vain. He was grieved, deeply grieved for his father; but is it possible that in the mind of a young heir, aware of all the incalculable differences in his own life which the end of his father's must make, there should not be a quivering excitement of the future mingling with the sorrow of the present, however sincere? When he

went out in the morning, after the feverishness of that agitated night, to feel the fresh air in his face, and saw around him all the spreading woods, all the wealthy and noble grace of the old house, which an hour or moment might make his own, a strange convulsion shook his being. Was not he pledged to give all up, to relinquish everything — to share whatever he had with his brother, and leave all belonging to him? The question brought a deadly faintness over him. While he stood under the trees looking at his home, he seemed to see the keen eyes of the Scotsman, Fraser, inspecting the place, and Short jotting down calculations on a bit of paper as to what would be the value of the materials, and how many villas semi-detached might be built on the site, while Spears, perhaps, patted him on the shoulder, and bade him remember that even if he had not given it up, this could not have lasted, "the country would not stand it long." He seemed to see and hear them discussing its fate; and Janet, standing at the door, making signs to him with her finger. What had he to do here? It was to that society he belonged. Nevertheless, Paul's heart quivered with a strange excitement when he thought that to-morrow — perhaps this very night! And then he bethought himself of the darkened room up-stairs, and his mother's lingering watch; and his heart contracted with a sudden pang.

Next evening it was apparent that the end was at hand. Just as the sun went down, when the soft greyness of the summer twilight began to steal into the air, the children were sent for into Sir William's room. They thronged in with pale faces and wide-open eyes, having been bidden not to cry — not to disturb the quiet of the death-chamber. The windows were all open, the sky appearing in wistful stretches of clearness; but near the bed, in the shadow, a shaded lamp burned solemnly, and the window beyond showed gleams of lurid-color in the western sky barred by strong black lines of cloud. These black lines of cloud, and the mysterious shining of the lamp, gave a strange air of solemnity to the room, all filled already by the awe and wonder of death. A sob of mingled grief and terror burst from little Marie, as grasping her sister's hand convulsively, she followed Alice to her father's bedside. Was it he that lay there, propped up with cushions, breathing so hard and painfully? The boys stood at the foot of the bed. Their hearts were full of that dreary anguish of

the unaccustomed and unknown, which gives additional depth to every sorrow of early youth. Alice, who had taken her place close to the head of the bed, had lost this. She knew all about it, poor child—what to do for him; what was coming; all that could be administered. She was as pale as those pale stretches of sky, and like them in the clear pathetic wistfulness of her face; but she had something to do, and she was not afraid.

"William—are you able to say anything to the children," said Lady Markham. "They have all come—to see you—to ask how you are——" She could not say, "to bid you farewell;" that was not possible. Her voice was quite steady and calm. The time was coming when she would be able to weep, but not now.

He opened his eyes and looked at them with a faint smile. He had always been good to the children. At his most busy moment they had never been afraid of him.

Little Bell held her breath, opening her eyes wider and wider to keep down that passion of tears which was coming, while Marie clung to her, trying to imitate her, but with the tears already come, and making blinding reflections of the solemn lamp and the evening light.

"Ah, yes, the children," Sir William said. "I have not seen them since Sunday. They have been very good—and kind—they have not—made any noise. Who is that? I thought—I heard—some one——"

"Nobody, papa," said Alice—"no body—except all of us."

"Ah! all of you," he said, and gave one of those panting, hard-drawn breaths which were so terrible to hear.

The door was open, like the windows, to give all the air possible. The servants were standing about the stairs and in the passages. Everybody knew that the last act was about to be performed solemnly, and the master of the house on the eve of his going away. Most of the women were crying. Even when it is nothing to you, what event is there that can be so much as this final going—this departure into the unseen? There was a general hush of awe and excitement. And how it was that amidst them all that stranger managed to get entrance, to walk up stairs, to thread through the mournful group, no one ever knew. His step was audible, even among that agitated company, as he came along the corridor. They all heard it, with a certain sense of

alarm. Was it the doctor coming back again with something new he had thought of, or was it——

"Ah, all of you," Sir William said; and as he spoke the words the new-comer came in at the door. He walked up to the foot of the bed, no one molesting him. They were all struck dumb with surprise; and what could they have done, when a momentary tumult or scuffle would have killed the sufferer at once?

For the moment every eye was turned from Sir William, and directed to Mr. Gus in his light clothes, with his little brown face, so distinct from all the others. He came up close to the foot of the bed.

"Yes, all of us—now I am here," he said. "I am very sorry to disturb you all at such a time; but, Sir William Markham, you'll have to own me before you die."

Paul made a hasty step towards him, and put a hand upon his shoulder.

"Don't you see," he said. "Go away, for God's sake. Whatever you want, I'll attend to you after."

"I'll not go away," said Gus. "I must stand for my rights, even if he is dying. Sir William Markham, it's your own doing. I have given you warning. You'll have to own me before you die."

Paul, beside himself, seized the stranger by the shoulders; but Gus, though he was small, was strong.

"Don't make a scuffle," he said, in a low tone; "I won't go, but I'll make no disturbance. He's going to speak. Be still, you, and listen what he says."

Sir William signed impatiently to his attendants on each side—Alice and her mother—to raise him. He looked round him, feebly peering into the waning light.

"They are beginning to fight—over my bed," he said, with a quiver in his voice.

"No," said Gus, getting free from Paul's restraining grasp. He made no noise, but he was supple and strong, and slid out of the other's hands. "No, there's no fighting; I have more respect; but own me, father, before you die. I'll take care of these. I'll do no one any harm, I swear before God; but own me before you die."

They all stood and listened, gazing, forgetting even the man who was dying. The very children forgot him, and turned to the well-known countenance of the little gentleman. Then there came a gasp, a sob, a great quiver in the bed.

Sir William flung out his emaciated arms with a gesture of despair.

"I said I was not to be disturbed," he said, and fell back, never to return to consciousness more.

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ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.

BY F. W. RUDLER, F.G.S.

WHY does science smile approvingly on the modern chemist in his efforts to produce the diamond, and yet frown upon the old alchemical notion of producing gold? If the one substance can be prepared by art, why not the other?

Every one knows that these two bodies are the most highly valued of all natural products, and for that reason it was long suspected that some occult kinship must of necessity exist between them. Thus Pliny, speaking of the diamond, says, "It seemeth that it should grow nowhere but in gold." Much as the ancients prized gold, they prized this gem—the invincible *adamant*—still more. The earliest mention of the true diamond, according to the Rev. C. W. King, is by the poet Manilius, who describes it as *pretiosior auro*. "The Diamant," says Pliny, to quote Dr. Holland's quaint translation, "carrieth the greatest price, not only among precious stones, but also above all things else in the world: neither was it knowne for a long time what a Diamant was, unless it were by some kings and princes, and those but very few." But since those early days science has grown wondrously familiar with the diamond, and has even been bold enough to attempt its fabrication. The chemist has, in fact, outrun the alchemist: the one sought merely to make the precious metal, but the other seeks to make the yet more precious gem. Nevertheless, we treat the alchemist with ridicule, while we watch the diamond-making chemist with the keenest interest!

The truth is, that the value of the diamond, unlike the value of the gold, lies not in the *matter* of which it is composed, but only in the peculiar *form* in which that matter exists. In attempting the preparation of a diamond, we are not, therefore, striving after the impossible; we are not seeking either to create matter or to transmute one elementary species of matter into another; all that we attempt is, to bring the given kind of matter into such a physical condition that it shall possess the set of properties which we so highly prize in the diamond.

About a century ago the chemical composition of the diamond was first carefully determined, and a fresh light was then cast upon the gem. From the day when it was ascertained that the diamond consisted only of carbon, its artificial preparation came within the range of possibility. The old notions of its kinship were entirely changed, and it was unexpectedly found that such vulgar substances as blacklead and charcoal could claim close relationship with the costly gem. Pliny ridicules the idea that the diamond could be found, as Metrodorus Scepsius had affirmed, in a locality "wherein amber is engendered;" and the old philosopher does not hesitate to say of this authority, "howbeit no man doubteth that he lieth stoutly." But, after all, this notion of the relation of the diamond with amber is more sound, from a chemical point of view, than Pliny's own notion that diamonds "breed not but in mines of gold."

Knowing the chemical composition of the diamond, the mystery of its formation resolves itself into this problem: how to crystallize a given piece of carbon in the special forms which the gem possesses, and with the accompanying transparency, lustre, and hardness? Difficult as the solution may seem, men of science have long believed it to be practicable. "We are so sanguine about this matter," said Dr. Percy, when lecturing on chemical geology in 1864, "that we cannot refrain from believing that one day or other the thing must be done. *It assuredly will be done.* We have apparently been very near it from time to time, but have never yet reached it." These prophetic utterances have recently received a most unexpected fulfilment, which it is the purpose of this article to chronicle.

About three months ago, Mr. James Mactear, of the St. Rollox Chemical Works at Glasgow, created considerable excitement by announcing that he had succeeded in producing a crystallized form of carbon, comparable, if not identical, with diamond. It is acknowledged that this gentleman brought extensive chemical knowledge to bear upon the subject, and that he struck out a most promising line of research. Nevertheless, his announcement was confessedly premature; and it remains doubtful whether anything that can fairly be called diamond was ever produced in his researches. At any rate, the small crystal-line particles which were at first taken to be diamonds, gave a most unsatisfactory

account of themselves when subjected to Professor Maskelyne's searching examination, and they utterly collapsed under the chemical scrutiny of Dr. Flight.

It has been well said with reference to other subjects that "the failures of the past prepare for the triumphs of the future." Nor is this saying inapplicable to our would-be diamond manufacturers. Scarcely had Mr. Mactear's investigations faded from the public mind, when Mr. A. H. Allen, of Sheffield, put in a claim on behalf of Dr. R. S. Marsden; and before this second process is revealed, Mr. J. Ballantine Hannay, a young Glasgow chemist, steps forward and actually places in our hand an artificial diamond!

For some time past Mr. Hannay has been engaged in a most interesting series of researches which have unexpectedly led up to the present discovery. To appreciate these researches it is necessary to turn to a subject which appears, at first sight, to have no bearing whatever upon the artificial production of the diamond.

More than half a century ago, Cagniard de la Tour made some remarkable experiments to determine the effect of heat upon liquids closely sealed in strong tubes. This inquiry was afterwards followed up by Dr. Andrews, of Belfast. He showed, for example, that carbonic acid gas above a certain temperature cannot be liquefied by means of pressure; but the gas, if compressed, assumes a condition which is neither that of a liquid nor that of a gas. Let the temperature be lowered, and it becomes a true liquid. Let the pressure be lowered, and it becomes a true gas. It was found that the two physical states of liquidity and gaseity pass by insensible transition one into the other; the continuity between the two conditions being perfect. That particular temperature, above which pressure does not produce liquefaction, is termed the *critical point*.

Reverting to the experiments of Cagniard de la Tour and Andrews, in which liquids were heated in closed tubes, let us suppose a solid to be dissolved in the liquid, and the solution to be then raised beyond its critical point. What will occur? The liquid will pass into the gaseous condition; but what will become of the solid? This is the question which Mr. Hannay, working in conjunction with Mr. Hogarth, sought to answer. At first sight it might be fairly assumed that if the solid were not volatile at the temperature to which it was exposed, it would be incapable of assuming the gaseous

condition, and that it would therefore be abandoned by the solvent: hence, when the menstruum passed through the critical state, and became gaseous, the dissolved body would be precipitated in a solid form.

Such an assumption, however, was flatly contradicted by experiment. It was soon found that in many cases the solid body was *not* deposited, but remained in a state of solution or diffusion in the gas. We are thus brought in contact with the unexpected phenomenon of a solid substance being *dissolved by a gas*, just as it might under ordinary circumstances be dissolved by a liquid.

Since water is the most generally useful solvent, it might be supposed that such experiments would be best made with aqueous solutions. Practically, however, the use of water is precluded, on account partly of its inconveniently high critical point, and partly of the fact that water at a high temperature and under great pressure is capable of exerting a corrosive action upon the glass tubes in which the experiments are undertaken. A more convenient solvent was found in alcohol, and many of the early experiments of Messrs. Hannay and Hogarth were made with a solution of iodide of potassium in this menstruum. A strong tube was about half filled with an alcoholic solution of potassic iodide; the extremity was sealed, the tube placed in an air-bath, and heat applied. Having passed through the critical stage, the alcohol became gaseous; but the iodide, instead of being precipitated, remained in solution in this gas. Even when the temperature rose to 380° C., or about 150° above the critical point, the alcohol-gas still asserted its solvent power over the solid salt. Moreover, by an ingenious arrangement, it became possible to expose a fragment of the iodide to the action of the gas without allowing it ever to come in contact with the liquid; yet the solid slowly disappeared, and was at length completely dissolved by the invisible solvent. But on rapidly releasing the gaseous solution from the pressure to which it had been exposed, the iodide was precipitated, either as a cloud of delicate, snow-like crystals, or as a crystalline film, like hoarfrost, on the inside of the glass tube. On again increasing the pressure, however, the crystals were re-dissolved, and once more disappeared.

Here then a new light broke in upon the phenomenon of solution. Hitherto it had been supposed that only liquids pos-

sessed solvent powers, but Messrs. Hannay and Hogarth have now shown that gases also are similarly endowed. In short, these researches fortify the conclusion which Dr. Andrews had previously reached, that there is perfect continuity between the liquid and the gaseous conditions.

If such extraordinary solutions can be effected, what more natural than to inquire whether carbon could be caused to dissolve in some appropriate solvent? Carbon is a remarkably obstinate body, resisting all ordinary menstrua, such as acids and alkalies, alcohol and ether. It is worth noting, however, that molten cast-iron can dissolve carbon; and that when the metal cools the carbon is partially separated in crystalline scales, resembling graphite. Such scales are known to workmen under the curious name of *kish*.

Every schoolboy knows nowadays that carbon occurs in nature crystallized as two entirely distinct minerals: in the one form it is known as *graphite*, *plumbago*, or *black lead*; in the other form as *diamond*. Metallurgists, as just stated, are familiar with the artificial production of graphite, and this body has also been produced by certain chemical reactions; but the artificial crystallization of carbon in the form of diamond has heretofore invariably baffled the chemist.

While the air of Glasgow was filled with the rumors of Mr. Mactear's experiments, it was natural to turn to Messrs. Hannay and Hogarth's researches, if haply their new method of gaseous solution might lead us to the desired end. They found that when a solid is freed from its gaseous solvent, it is invariably deposited in a crystalline condition. Now, if carbon could be thus dissolved, there was, of course, the bare possibility that it might be deposited in the crystalline form of diamond.

On applying himself to this inviting problem, Mr. Hannay was disappointed to find that all the forms of carbon with which he experimented, such as graphite, or charcoal, or lamp-black, obstinately refused to yield to any of the solvents which he brought to the attack. It was clear, therefore, that if the problem was to be solved at all it must be solved in an indirect manner, and Mr. Hannay's ingenuity was equal to the occasion.

Carbon is remarkable for the multitude of volatile compounds which it is capable of forming with hydrogen. Now Mr. Hannay found that when a gas containing

carbon and hydrogen is subjected to heat under great pressure in the presence of certain metals, such as magnesium or sodium, the hydrocarbon is broken up, and its hydrogen combines with the metal, while its carbon is set free. In order to command the high temperature and the intense pressure necessary for this reaction, Mr. Hannay employs wrought-iron tubes, about three inches and a half in thickness, and yet these are frequently torn open in the course of the experiments.

It appeared probable that the carbon set free in this decomposition might, at the moment of its formation, or when in the *nascent* condition, be dissolved by the gas, and then, on a reduction of pressure, be precipitated in a crystalline condition. Mr. Hannay has found that in order to obtain the carbon in the required crystalline state it is necessary that a staple compound containing nitrogen be present. When these conditions were fulfilled, the operator had the satisfaction of finding that some of the carbon which was set free actually crystallized in the form of diamond!

This adamantine carbon has been severely tested, not only by the discoverer himself, but also by so high a mineralogical authority as Professor Maskelyne. First, as to *hardness*, which of all characters is the most characteristic and the most valuable in diamonds; it is found that Mr. Hannay's crystals will easily scratch deep grooves in a sapphire, and no substance save diamond possesses this strong abrading power. With regard to *crystalline form*, little can be said, but still that little is quite satisfactory. Perfect crystals have not, as yet, been obtained, and the fragments look like splinters of diamond rather than crystals. Still in one case Professor Maskelyne found traces of the distinctive octahedral cleavage, and Mr. Hannay has called attention to the curvature of some of the faces, so suggestive of diamond-crystals. *Optically* the crystalline fragments behave themselves just as diamonds might be expected to behave. Moreover, when placed in the scales they are not found wanting, for some of the artificial adamantoid carbon has as high a *specific gravity* as 3.5. Finally, the *chemical tests* leave nothing to be desired. Heated in the votalic arc the carbon swells up and turns black, just as is the case with diamond; while if burnt in the usual way, in oxygen, it yields only carbonic acid; and though but a very small quantity was operated

on, the result showed that the artificial crystalline body contained as much as 97·85 per cent of carbon. All the lines of evidence therefore converged to this point, that we are here dealing with a substance which is to all intents and purposes neither more nor less than *diamond*.

It thus appears that Mr. Hannay has mimicked nature so successfully as to produce a body not distinguishable from the natural gem. In connection with this interesting discovery, however, two questions naturally suggest themselves: first, has the artificial substance been produced in the same way as the native diamond? and, secondly, can the artificial product be made in such quantity and with such facility as to be profitably sent into the market?

The first question is by no means easily answered. Nature has such a wealth of resource at her command that in compassing a particular end she is by no means limited to a single method. Nothing is more likely than that the diamond has been formed in one way in this locality and in another way in that. In fact, the conditions of its occurrence are so dissimilar in different parts of the world as to make it highly probable that the diamonds of Brazil and the diamonds of south Africa have been brought forth by different processes. Mr. Hannay may or may not have hit upon an exact imitation of the natural conditions of diamond-making, but even if he has gone to work after one of nature's ways, it is far from necessary to assume that all diamonds have been fashioned in this particular manner. It was an old alchemical dogma that "Vulcan is a second nature, imitating concisely what the first takes time and circuit to effect." Obedient to this maxim, Mr. Hannay has pressed Vulcan into his service, but a good deal that we know about the natural diamond in certain localities tends to show that Vulcan has not always presided at its birth. Thus an eminent chemist recently said, "We are entirely ignorant of the mode of its formation in nature. The only thing which may be regarded as certain is that it has *not* been formed at a high temperature."

After all, the genesis of the diamond is a subject of only scientific interest; the practical question for unscientific folk is whether Mr. Hannay can or cannot make his product in sufficient quantity to disturb the diamond market. Owners of gems, however, may be comforted by the assurance that, at present, the artificial

specimens are small in size and costly to procure. When the chemist has completed his elaborate experiment, and opened the iron tube which has just been drawn from the furnace, he finds that his diamonds are not like Sinbad's, "of a surprising bigness." They are, in fact, rather of a surprising smallness. But, were they no bigger than pins' heads, the experiment would still be a memorable scientific triumph. Practically, however, there is all the difference in the world between a laboratory experiment and a manufacturing industry. At the same time, it is of course possible that the recent Glasgow experiments may be merely the grains of mustard-seed which shall be eventually developed into a fruitful undertaking of commercial significance. Nothing, however, is more certain than that Mr. Hannay commenced his researches without the slightest regard to what Bacon calls "the applying of knowledge to lucre."

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

THE CIVIL CODE OF THE JEWS.

VII.

THE laws affecting the possession and holding of land form an important section of the Jewish civil code. According to a tradition current among the Hebrews and recorded in the Talmud, Joshua on taking Palestine divided the conquered territory among the Israelites, subject to certain conditions. These, as customs prevalent from time immemorial, acquired in the lapse of centuries all the force of written enactments. The principal of such prescriptive ordinances were the following. All who owned forest and wood lands were obliged to permit their neighbors to pasture cattle there; and those who owned fields and meadow-land were compelled to allow any who chose to enter and gather there herbs and under-wood. An exception was made when the plant known as *thilthan* grew in such places. The proprietors of trees were bound to allow young shoots to be cut off, excepting from olive-trees. Every one was permitted to procure water from the source — brook, rivulet, spring, or well — that originally existed; persons walking abroad were allowed to traverse a neighbor's field in order to shorten the way, from the time of the harvest gathering to the coming of the latter rain in the middle of Heschvan (about the middle of Novem-

ber); pedestrians were allowed to walk at the edge of a field or meadow if the road was bad or impassable; any one who had lost himself among the vines, which grew luxuriantly in Palestine, might break down the branches and stems in order to clear a way out; the owner of every field was bound to permit the interment there of a stranger found dead and for whom no burial-place was provided in the neighborhood; and — though this can scarcely be considered one of the laws affecting the holding of land — every one was permitted to fish in the Sea of Tiberias, provided this was done in such a manner as not to impede or hinder navigation there. Of the land laws properly so distinguished probably the most curious are those known as the laws of *bar-metzzrah*. In virtue of these, the neighbor or neighbors of an individual who desired to sell a field or parcel of land acquired a right of pre-emption, and had, under certain circumstances, the power to annul a sale of real estate made and completed without their previous knowledge and consent.

The *bar-metzzrah* — literally the "owner of the boundary" — was a term legally applied to any person whose field or estate was immediately contiguous to or adjoined that of another who purposed disposing of his possessions or of any part of them. Under these conditions the *bar-metzzrah* was entitled to acquire for himself the land or property for sale; and he could further annul the purchase even if already completed by a third party, provided he wished and was prepared to buy the field in question for himself. The land he desired to acquire must, however, have actually adjoined his own property in such a manner that the two fields when united could be worked as one. If such were the case the owner could not dispose of his possessions without the consent in writing — *kinyan* — of the *bar-metzzrah*. If the proprietor disposed of his land without this permission the *bar-metzzrah* could annul the transaction; and on payment to the buyer of the purchase-money he was entitled to take over the property. This was an enactment of purely rabbinical origin, its object being to enable agriculturists to round off their estates whenever an opportunity offered, in order the more conveniently to work their fields. But the right so conferred was subject to a few carefully devised conditions. The *bar-metzzrah* had to pay the full market value of the field — that is to say, at least as much as an intending purchaser offered

for the property. In the next place, if the owner had several parcels of land situate in different corners, and, being desirous of selling them in one lot, had found a purchaser for the whole, and if only one of the parcels in question adjoined the field of a neighbor desirous of exercising the right of pre-emption, then the latter was not permitted to select the piece contiguous to his own property and refuse the remainder. He was obliged to take all together or none. In like manner, any one desirous of repurchasing a property that had formerly been his own could not be ousted by the *bar-metzzrah*: nor did the latter enjoy his privilege if the field was mortgaged and seized for a debt; or if the owner sold the land in order to acquire another nearer, more convenient, or better piece of ground. In the following cases, too, the *bar-metzzrah* could not annul a purchase: where the buyer was a woman or an orphan; or where the land was sold under pressure to provide food and necessities for a widow or for orphans, or to defray the expenses of a funeral.

An ingenious mode of evading the law was forestalled by the rabbins. If one party sold a plot of ground situate in such a manner as to be surrounded by other portions of his property, the *bar-metzzrah* could annul such sale though his own land was not immediately adjoining, unless the part sold was essentially distinct from the remainder of the territory — *i.e.* different as regards soil, etc., and therefore incapable of being worked with the remainder. The reason here is clear. The purchaser, if allowed to retain possession of this inner field, would become the *bar-metzzrah* in respect of the remaining land surrounding it and remaining in the hands of the original owner. He would therefore be entitled to the right of pre-emption. In fact, by disposing first of the central portion, and then of the outer ring of land, the neighbor having the right of refusal would have been virtually ousted of his privilege. In instances where three or four persons were entitled to be regarded as *bar-metzzrah*, one of them might purchase the field for sale. In such an event the remaining two or three could not invalidate the transaction. If, however, the whole four, say, presented themselves and claimed the right to purchase, the property to be disposed of was so divided that each of the neighbors received for himself that part which immediately adjoined his own particular holding. A landowner was considered a *bar-metzzrah*

in respect of a house built upon his estate and of any trees growing in his fields. They could not be sold unless he refused to buy them. Subject to this law of *barmetzrah*, the owner of land and houses, of real estate of any and every description, could sell or dispose of his property according to his will and pleasure.

The laws having reference to the holding of land are no less simple than those having reference to its ownership and sale. The relations of landlord and tenant were clearly defined by law. Apart from the number of years for which a farm was let and the amount of rental, whether payable in kind or in cash, nothing was left to the parties themselves. The obligations imposed upon the subscribing parties of a lease were determined by law with a nicety and precision that rendered lengthened dispute impossible and dissatisfaction infrequent. The tenant was bound in the first place to work his farm in accordance with the custom of the district in which the holding was situate. If it was customary to reap the ears of corn only and leave the straw and stubble for manuring purposes, the owner could not demand that the latter be removed. If, on the contrary, the usage of the district was to uproot the corn, the landlord could not require the farmer to leave the straw and stubble. In the case of a vineyard, the expense of providing props and sticks was divided between the owner and the tenant. The latter could always be compelled to weed his ground well and keep the soil clean and sweet. A careless farmer could, when his indifference was likely to prove detrimental to the proprietor's interest, be dismissed from his holding without any prior notice whatsoever. Where a tenant had undertaken to work a farm or vineyard, or kitchen-garden, and neglected to do so, he could be compelled to indemnify the landlord for the loss actually incurred by reason of such neglect. Under no circumstances, however, could a penalty for specific non-performance of contract be enforced at law, notwithstanding an agreement signed, sealed, and witnessed, providing for such a payment. If, for instance, a man hired a farm, agreeing to pay five hundred *zuzim* per year, undertaking of course to till the land, and promising to forfeit one thousand *zuzim* if he neglected to work the fields according to his contract, such an agreement could not have been sustained at law. The landlord could only have claimed, and would only have been awarded, the

five hundred *zuzim* he was to receive as rental, or, if the rent was payable in produce, the quantity of produce specified in the lease under which he held. An agreement of this kind, conditional upon the non-working of the field, was regarded as inequitable: it was to the interest of the landowner that the farm should not be properly worked. The Hebrew legists set their faces against all such conditional contracts. They are known as *asmakhtha*, and are in the eyes of the Jewish law void and invalid.

In two important respects the laws of landlord and tenant among the Jews merit attention — the right of the tenant farmer to compensation for all improvements effected during the period of his holding, and the apportionment between himself and the owner of the property of such losses as he incurred by reason of calamities beyond his own control. A farmer who held land under a lease of not less than seven years could claim compensation for all improvements made upon the farm during his holding. Nor was it necessary that he should have expended money or labor to have produced such improvements. So far was this principle carried that the mere growth of a sycamore tree which extended its limbs and roots and branches was held to have taken place at the tenant's expense, inasmuch as it lessened the nutritive and productive powers of the surrounding soil; and the farmer was granted an indemnity for the increase of height and size in the tree. Nor could the tenant by a clause in his lease forego his right to such compensation. The improvements were conjectural when the agreement was signed; hence such a contract would have been conditional, and, as we before mentioned, on that account invalid. Nor was the law less considerate when taking into account the farmer's loss resulting from causes beyond his own control. If owing to a public calamity of any kind — a sudden and unexpected inundation or flood, a plague of locusts or grasshoppers, a far-spreading conflagration, a prolonged drought, or in fact if owing to any similar cause in no wise attributable to the farmer's neglect, his crop was wholly or partially destroyed, the landlord shared his loss. Such share was strictly proportioned to the actual loss incurred by the tenant. If the latter lost one-half his crop, the landlord was compelled to remit one-half the rental agreed upon; if one-third of the crop was spoiled, the owner lost one-third of his income; and if the

farmer suffered a total loss, the landlord was legally obliged to forego altogether his claim for the whole year's rental.

Of the minor laws affecting the owning and holding of land a few are noteworthy. It was not permitted to breed and keep sheep in Palestine: they had to be pastured in the Syrian deserts. It was altogether forbidden to breed or keep pigs; and no one was allowed to set snares for pigeons within four miles of a town, in order not to trap the tame birds belonging to his neighbors.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A SWISS NOVELIST.

How many, we wonder, of the crowds of tourists who annually flock to the "playground of Europe," know more of its people than can be learnt in the conventional tour and in the *salons* of monster hotels? Does one person in ten concern himself to inquire into the constitution and politics of this country? Has it ever occurred to one person in twenty to find out whether Switzerland boasts a contemporary literature? A few may recollect the fierce war waged between Bodmer and Breitinger and the pedantic German, Gottsched, concerning the respective merits of English and French literature, which called forth the critical powers of Lessing. The names of Zimmermann, Lavater, the Gessners, Pestalozzi, Sulzer, Orelli, may linger in their memories, but who among them has read Jeremias Gotthelf? Better still, who has read Gottfried Keller? We venture to say not one in a hundred of those who have traversed the length and breadth of Keller's green fatherland, have climbed its most inaccessible peaks, and "done" all its regulation sights. It is true that Switzerland is not rich in native literature; it has inspired far more than it has produced. It possesses now, however, a writer of such undoubted originality that he deserves to be known beyond the narrow limits of his native land. In Germany Keller's fame has been steadily on the increase, and, indeed, she would gladly claim him for her own. But although Keller has been indirectly influenced by German writers, his most marked characteristic consists in his being a Switzer of the Swiss. It will be our endeavor in this paper to give some idea of this remarkable writer—no easy task, since Keller is peculiarly intangible,

his excellences needing to be felt, being often too subtle for words.

In the early part of this century literature revived in Switzerland from a prolonged lethargy. This revival is partly attributable to the influx of Germans driven from home by political troubles. These Germans brought with them much solid learning, and much genuine enthusiasm for literature, and settling, in great part, near the University of Zurich, they exercised a marked influence upon the younger Swiss generation. The result was the production of much mediocre and inadequate literary work; but a few stars arose, and among them one of the first magnitude, namely, Gottfried Keller. Keller was born in Zurich, July 19, 1819. His father, a master carpenter, died while he was an infant, leaving his widow and child in straitened means. After passing through the prescribed school routine, Keller turned to landscape-painting, then his foremost bent, and for this end went to Munich, where art flourished under the eccentric patronage of King Ludwig. Not achieving any thing really good, with a wisdom as excellent as it is rare, he abandoned art, returned to Zurich (1842), and occupied himself with literary studies. In 1846 he published a small volume of lyrics, thoughtful and earnest in character, but rising to no heights of lyrical passion, and appealing more to the fantasy than to the emotions. The volume met with a fair success, and Keller continued to study. After a while he perceived that under this autodidactic method he did not advance sufficiently. He therefore went, in 1848, to the University of Heidelberg, passing on to Berlin in 1850, where his first prose work was published. In 1861 he was chosen *Staatsschreiber* (secretary) to the canton of Zurich, and a member of the Great Council—*i.e.* a member of that body to whom in the larger cantons the people delegates its sovereignty. From this post Keller only retired three years ago, to devote himself solely to literature, for which his official duties had left little time. He does not himself think that this occupation with bureaucratic minutiae did him harm, and it is again characteristic of his perfect mental salubrity that he should have preferred for many years to fill a small post in his native city to living upon the produce of his imaginative gifts. He says that it taught him the discipline which is lacking in the "*Grüne Heinrich*," and that when he was able to resume literature he stepped out into it again with a

fresh eye and brain; that it is good for an imaginative writer to lean upon reality, in whatever shape. What he hates in philosophy is materialism, in politics the compromise known as liberal-conservative, in religion all jesuitry. What he worships is the true and guileless. His is a childlike nature, receptive to all beautiful influences, and reproducing them without effort and without introspection. He loves the simple, grand landscape, the gold-green meadows and glittering glaciers of his native land, and sings to nature, —

Doch bin ich immer Kind geblieben
Wenn ich zu Dir ins Freie kam.

And of this native land he is a faithful son, owning its idiosyncrasies in fullest measure. He is simple, strong, concrete, unsentimental, yet not devoid of feeling. The granite of his Alps brings forth men of granite, powerful and rugged, yet sound to the core. Such a man is he, and such live in his books. In confining his imagination to Switzerland, Keller has an advantage over his German colleagues. In Switzerland social and political conditions are simpler, and hence more tangible. A true democracy, consisting mainly of peasants and members of the lower-middle class, there do not arise any of those complicated social perplexities that vex aristocratic nations. Men stand closer to each other, yet there is less jostling and crowding; conventionalities such as ours do not exist; within certain limits of distance everybody is known to everybody; and as the aims of life are uniform and more elemental, everybody understands everybody. As herdsmen and tillers of the earth, the landfolk derive their subsistence. They are thus kept in contact with nature, and do not lose sight of the realities of existence, are not blinded and smothered by the artificialities of civilization. Nor as a rule are they restless. The son continues to cut hay from his grandsire's acres. Among such a people traditions survive through all outward changes. At no time have these greatly affected Switzerland, which remained singularly untouched by the passing away of the old order in Europe. Patriotism, deep-seated love for their mountainous home, is for them no new emotion dating from yesterday. Hence, the air not being so full of doctrines and systems as in Germany, a Swiss novelist stands on firmer ground. He deals with a homely nation of a certain slow persistency of character, who form a sober commonwealth of

practical persons, devoid of romanticism, whose aspirations do not arise beyond the preservation and increase of their goods and chattels. But if all ideal flights, all imaginative subtleties, are lacking, whimsical, eccentric, angular characters flourish in this confined soil. Of this community Keller has constituted himself the chronicler, and, sharing most markedly many of its characteristics, he has both consciously and unconsciously reproduced these in a series of inimitable romances.

Yet to Keller's first production, "*Der grüne Heinrich*," these remarks do not altogether apply. Nothing that Keller ever penned is imitative, even his first-born is *sui generis*, and springs from a fancy that has been unbiassed and unrestrained. It is a strange work, full of glaring faults of construction; capricious, unequal, an incongruous medley, which nevertheless contains so many beauties that we cannot lay it down unsatisfied, for it is full of that ineffable youthful fire of a first effort which carries the reader over many a rugged path. The book, published in 1854, called forth much criticism and discussion, a sure sign that it had aroused interest; but it did not become popular, and cannot be so any more than "*Wilhelm Meister*," with which it is held to have some points in common. These are, however, very superficial. It is at least a complete story, which the other is not. The resemblance begins and ends in the circumstance that both relate the mental development of their heroes. Keller's romance is a medley of truth and fiction, the autobiographical part telling of his own struggles as an artist. The hero is called "green" because of the color of his coats, but we also trace a symbolical meaning in this appellation, namely, that we are dealing with an unripe nature. It is the history of an irresponsibly contemplative character working itself out to maturity. Having completed his school studies, Heinrich attempts landscape painting, and goes astray in various false schools. He then turns to science, where his idealism is rudely shaken by the materialistic views presented to him. Unable to find a solid basis, he wastes his time with boon companions, gets into debt, eats up his widowed mother's savings, and finally sets off on foot to return to his native Switzerland, a mental and moral failure. On his road he is entertained by a count whom he had known in better days. Here he meets with hospitality and the graces of life, falls in love, and is raised again mentally

and physically. He then bethinks him of his mother, whom he has cruelly neglected, sets off for Zurich, and arrives in time to attend her funeral. This so shocks him, his errors rise so vividly before him, that he dies too. The end is clumsy, and open to sharp censure. It offends against all artistic canons, and leaves an unpleasant, harsh impression. Was it for this, we ask ourselves, that Heinrich suffered and made others suffer and sacrifice themselves for him, in order that he should die just when his strangely commingled nature had come to an harmonious issue, and has forced its way through the hampering enclosure?

The best portion of this work is the hero's autobiography, which occupies two out of the four volumes, and deals with his childhood. We follow the development of an observant, silent, introspective child, endowed with a poet's nature, lacking stability of purpose, full of fantasy and intensity of emotion, with good and evil impulses struggling for mastery. And as background to the whole, Zurich with its lovely lake, and the country around, with its snowy mountains, its green swards, its purling streams, and its chalets. In none of his later writings has Keller so keenly reproduced the atmosphere of Switzerland, or told us as much of its national life and customs. The descriptions of landscape are full of intense sympathy with nature, of a semi-mystical and pantheistic kind, reminding of Wordsworth's treatment, but more simple and unaffected, because more unconscious, than the poet's method. But these descriptions are not the only exquisite thing in the work. The episode of Heinrich's childish innocent love for a young girl, Anna, recalls Longus's "Daphnis and Chloe" in its delicacy of narrative and treatment. The continuation of Heinrich's life-story is not so good; the author has lost sight of perspective, he grows too didactic, the narrative is too often interrupted by disquisitions. These are frequently excellent in themselves, and sometimes necessitated by the current of the story, but proportion has not been observed. Our author allows his pen to meander, the maxims and reflections do not always apply to the particular case. At last our conception of Heinrich grows confused amid this extraneous matter, and he disappears from our grasp into a nebulous dreamland. There is a casual air about the whole which destroys its epic character. It is a grave novel, strong in just those points to which the

ordinary novel-reader is, as a rule, indifferent. It is best characterized as a serious character-study, a psychological investigation of the most secret folds of the human heart, the analysis of an artistic nature that withdraws from customs and rules of ordinary life, and finds the laws for its conduct in its inner self. In every point the "*Grüne Heinrich*" is a first attempt, and at once stamped its creator as a bizarre, or what Mr. Bagehot would call "an irregular and unsymmetrical writer," endowed with idiosyncrasy and ability.

But "*Die Leute von Seldwyla*" is the work that founded Keller's fame. It is a series of novelettes that may be classified as peasant stories, though they differ markedly from the labors of Auerbach or Gotthelf on the same domain, steering between the sentimentalisms and unrealities of the former, and the bare prose of peasant life as represented by the latter. While all the scenes and incidents are somewhat remote from real life, with its hot, busy strife, they are yet true to nature. Only the everyday vulgarities and commonplace elements do not thrust themselves into notice. Keller mingles ideality with the inflexible necessity of material things, the plummet of reality may be sunk into his depths, but a moonlit atmosphere suffuses the surface.

Seldwyla is a fictitious town, a sort of Swiss Abdera. It is supposed to be still surrounded by its old fortifications, and remains the same quiet spot it was three hundred years ago. Its founders can never have meant it should come to much good, for they pitched it a full half-hour from any navigable river. But it is charmingly situated, in the midst of green hills open to the south, a fair wine ripens around its walls, while higher up the hills stretch boundless forests, the rich property of the commune. For this is one of the peculiarities of Seldwyla, that the commune is rich and the citizens are poor, in such a manner that no one in Seldwyla knows on what they have lived for centuries. And yet they live, and right merrily too, and are very critical concerning the ways of others if they quit their native town. The glory and nucleus of this little town consists of their young men of twenty to thirty-six, who give the tone in Seldwyla society and rule the roast. During these years they conduct their business by letting others do their work while they run into debt, an art the Seldwylers practise with a grace and good-humor peculiar to themselves. When

they have passed this age, and have lost all credit, they find it needful to begin life at the time when others are just taking firm root. Then they either enter foreign service and fight for strange tyrants, or go forth in search of adventures; and a Seldwyler is always to be recognized by the fact that he understands how to make himself comfortable in any latitude. Those who remain at home work at things they have never learned, and become the most industrious people possible. Timber there is enough and to spare, so that the very poorest are maintained by the commune from the produce of its wood sales. And in this rotation the little people has gone on for centuries, remaining always contented and cheerful. If money is scarce or a shadow hangs over their souls, they cheer themselves by getting up political agitations, a further characteristic of the Seldwylers. For they are passionate partisans, constitution-menders, and agitators, and when their delegate at the great council brings forward some specially insane motion, or when the cry goes forth from Seldwyla that the constitution needs mending, then all the country knows that at that moment money is tight among the Seldwylers. Besides this they like to change their opinions and principles, and are always in opposition the very day after a new government has been chosen. If it be too radical, to vex it, they range themselves round the conservative pious parson of the town, whom only yesterday they turned into ridicule, court him, crowd his church, praise his sermons, and hawk about his tracts and Bâle Missionary Society reports, without however contributing a farthing. If, on the other hand, a half-way conservative government is in power, at once they gather round their school-master, and the parson has to pay a heavy sum to the glazier. Should, however, a government of liberal jurists and rich men be at the helm, at once they combine with the nearest socialists and elect them into the council, demanding a veto, and direct self-government with permanent assemblies. But very soon they are tired of this, speak as though they are weary of public life, and let half-a-dozen sleepy old bankrupts attend to the elections, while they lounge in taverns, watching their labors, and laughing in their sleeves. Yesterday they were enthusiastic for confederate life, and righteously indignant that absolute national unity was not established in 1848; to-day they are as ardent for cantonal sovereignty, and send

no representatives to the national council. Occasionally when they carry things too far, and their agitations and motions threaten the peace, the government sends a commission of inquiry to regulate the management of the Seldwyla communal property. This always subdues them, they have to look after affairs at home, and danger is averted. All this causes them great pleasure which is only exceeded by the annual festivity, when the young wine ferments, and the whole place smells of must, and there is a devil of a noise about, and the Seldwylers are more good-for-nothing than usual. Yet it is a curious fact that the more good-for-nothing a Seldwyler is at home, the better he becomes when he goes out into the world and quits the warm, sunny valley in which he has not thriven.

That a strange, merry town like this lends itself to all manner of strange careers is not astonishing. Of these, as Keller says in his preface, he proposes to narrate a few, which though in some senses exceptional yet could not have happened except at Seldwyla. Now Seldwyla is not a real town, as we have said, but a typical one; still it is characteristic of its truth to nature that in the preface to his second volume, published fifteen years after the first, the author tells us that seven towns in Switzerland have been disputing as to which of them is intended by Seldwyla, and each has offered to bestow upon him its freedom if he will only pronounce in its favor. To appease them, since he already has a home of his own which is as proud as their ambitious communes, he tells them that in every town and valley in Switzerland stands a tower of Seldwyla; that this spot is a combination of many such towns, and must be regarded as imaginary. Some have suggested that it is Rapperschwyl. The stories are obviously laid near the Lake of Zurich. But Keller will be betrayed into no geographical definitions. However, while these towns seek to secure their Homer during his lifetime, a greater change has come over the real Seldwyla in the course of the last ten years than has occurred for centuries. Or rather, to speak more correctly, the general life of the land has so shaped itself that the peculiar faculties of the Seldwylers have found a fruitful field for due development, so that they have become more like other people. This is especially recognizable in the growth of speculation in stocks, a lazy business that just suits their temperament. But since that time they laugh less, are monosyl-

latic, have little time to spare for jokes or playing tricks. Instead of bankruptcies with disgrace attached to them, they now arrange with their creditors. Politics they have almost abandoned, because they think these lead to war. Already the Seldwylers are like every one else, nothing more of interest occurs among them. Therefore the author in a second volume has gathered in an aftermath from the past events of the little town. Each volume contains five stories. "Romeo and Juliet of the Village" is the gem of the series; indeed it deserves the palm above all else that Keller has ever penned. The story opens with a carefully detailed picture of two worthy Swiss peasants, who on a fine September morning are ploughing their respective fields. These fields lie touching each other on a slope of the river that runs near the town. Between their properties lies a like piece of ground, but it was barren and only covered with stones and weeds. And the rubbish seems likely to accumulate, for each peasant throws on these unclaimed acres whatever encumbers his own fields. Thus they plough on, until midday, when a little handcart comes up from the village, drawn by a boy of seven and a little girl of six. It contains the dinner of the two men, and among the food thrones a naked, one-legged doll. The men halt from their labor, and sit down in a furrow to discuss their meal. Their conversation turns upon the middle field, and each tells the other how the commune has tried to induce him to pay rent for it until its lawful owner should appear. No one has yet claimed it, but they feel pretty well convinced it must belong to a certain black fiddler who lives with the homeless folk and can produce no baptismal certificate, for he is the very image of the owner who disappeared from Seldwyla many years ago. It is a pity for the soil to let it lie thus fallow, they agree. While they eat and talk, the children have been playing in the desert field, until in the hot noonday sun both drop to sleep exhausted. Meantime the fathers have finished ploughing, but before leaving work each tears a deep furrow into the middle field that adjoins his own. Neither takes notice of the other's deed, though each sees what the other has done. Harvest succeeds harvest, and each year sees the ownerless field grow narrower and narrower; the stones upon it have risen to a ridge so high that the boy and girl, though they have grown taller, can no longer see across it when they come to visit their

fathers at their work. Years pass. The commune decides that the waste land must be sold. Manz and Marti, the two peasants, are the only people who care to bid for it, every one in Seldwyla knowing how the ground had become reduced. Finally it is knocked down to Manz, who instantly complains that Marti has lately cut off a three-cornered piece of the land that is now his, and summons him to straighten the boundary. A violent altercation ensues, and a lawsuit is finally commenced that robs both men of their sound judgment, impoverishes their estate, wastes their time, and only ends in their mutual ruin. The hatred between them, of course, hinders the meeting of their children. Moreover, Manz leaves Seldwyla. After some years Sali meets Vrenchen, and the old childish love is re-awakened. Their delight at meeting is great, but Vrenchen fears lest her father should learn that she is speaking to his enemy's son. She begs Sali be gone, and at last promises to meet him on their old playground. Here they are interrupted by the black fiddler. He greets them with a sardonic smile. He knows them, he says; they are the children of those who have robbed him of his land. Well, they will come to no good, he feels sure, and he will live to see them go the way of all flesh before him. Nevertheless, if they wish to dance, he is willing to fiddle. This sinister apparition casts a gloom over their meeting, but it does not last long. Vrenchen's joyous nature casts off the angry omen with a merry laugh, and the two chatter away, bemoan their fathers' hatred, and regret the glad days spent on this spot. In happy talk they pass the afternoon, sitting in the high corn, listening to the singing of the lark, and dreaming day-dreams as fervent as her song. Here Marti finds them. Furious with both, he insults Sali, who loses all self-control, and hurls a stone at Marti that strikes him down senseless. He recovers, but only to prove a hopeless idiot, and be placed in the public asylum. His house and remaining acre are sold to pay his creditors, and Vrenchen must go out into the world and earn her living. As she sadly ponders this, the last day in the empty, lonely house, thinking of Sali, he comes in. In vain they try to cheer each other; their future looks too drear, they must part, and yet they feel that separated they can know no joy. In her despair the fancy seizes Vrenchen that she must dance once more with Sali, must spend one more day of happiness; then,

come what may, she will bear it. Tomorrow is *Kermess* at a neighboring place—could they not go? Sali consents. Early next day he fetches her, and she quits her empty, desolate home. They pass through a wood, they halt at a wayside inn, they linger beside streams, they talk and are silent in turns. It is such a happy day, as bright in their hearts as the cloudless sky above their heads! When afternoon comes they join the dancers. The black fiddler leads the music, he smiles as he perceives them. On and on they dance; the moon rises and floods the floor with light, midnight comes and the guests leave, and still Vrenchen and Sali cannot make up their minds to part. Indeed it has grown only harder. The fiddler interposes, they are foolish children, he says, he will advise them. He and his friends are returning to the mountains, they will give them bridal escort, he will furnish the music, and once among the houseless folk they will need no forms to celebrate their wedding. He works upon their feelings till they consent, almost without knowing what they do, and the wild procession goes out into the night singing and playing. But as they pass Vrenchen's former home Sali's reason returns. He detains the girl, and they manage to escape unperceived. But as the frenzied notes of the fiddle fade into the distance, and all is still around them, Sali says, "We have fled from these, but how shall we flee from ourselves?" With passionate ardor Vrenchen implores him never to leave her. For a time Sali keeps his reason, but his love and her ardor are too strong for his young blood. After all, he counts but nineteen years. There is only one thing they can do, he says, hold their wedding at this hour, and then perish together in the river. They find a hay-barge anchored to the shore; Sali looses it, they step into the soft, fragrant mass, and the boat floats slowly down stream, past woods through which the moonlight glints, past dark meadows, past sleeping farms. At chill daybreak, two pale figures, holding each other in a tight embrace, slip into the river, and when the sun has fully risen the boat comes to a standstill at the nearest town. It is empty, and none can tell how it came thither.

Such this story, which is told with simple earnestness and pathos. Its construction is masterly. This, however, is far from being the case as a rule. In point of construction there is usually much to condemn in Keller: it is often lax and

shapeless, his stories are apt to plunge like fairy tales into the midst of their subject. He seems to fancy that we too are Seldwylers and have known our neighbors and their concerns since childhood, that it is only needful to mention so-and-so for the whole bearings to rise up before us. This literalness, however, throws so powerful an air of reality over Keller's creations that even when these points are exaggerated we do not feel the exaggeration as we read, but are carried along by the stream of his persuasive plausibility. Into the "Romeo and Juliet" there enters no element of the burlesque, rarely absent from Keller's stories. Its Nemesis is Helenic in its remorselessness. Nor is there anything forced or unnatural in the feelings and acts of these youthful peasants.

"Frau Regel Amrain and her Youngest-born" is a loosely-framed tale, showing how a worthy practical woman saved her son from the devious career of the Seldwyla youths, and converted him into a worthy burgher. The feeling of public spirit is strongly developed in the Swiss, where it is every man's duty to hold views upon the government and assist in it. And this is admirably brought out here. In "The Three Righteous Comb-makers" Keller lets loose all his fun and extravagance, and inimitable it is to read. It is an excellent skit upon apparent probity of conduct unrooted in true morality, the counterfeit for which the real thing is often mistaken. These three phlegmatic and avaricious young comb-makers try to establish a good name in Seldwyla because each wishes to succeed his master in the business. They all appear so excellent the master cannot choose between them, yet neither can he afford to keep more than one in his employ. He therefore proposes an absurd race to decide the matter, and all Seldwyla turns out to see the fun, which as usual they think is got up for their especial delectation. A canny old maid, the possessor of some money, has also been wooed by the three. She favors none, for she is resolved only to marry the one that will become the master. When she hears of the proposed race she joins her admirers and befools each in turn until she is at last herself befooled and is made to accept the man she least favored, and who wins both business and bride by a happy ruse. Thus baldly told, it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the absurdity of the story, which, narrated in Keller's quiet tone of realism, carries us along over all buffoonery, so that while we read

we fully believe. Neither do Keller's novelettes run in the usual groove, and love is by no means always or often the pivot of his plots. A poor tailor who is leaving Seldwyla in search of work is the hero of "Clothes make the Man." This tailor has the weakness always to dress in a long cloak and a Polish fur cap, which give an air of distinction to his appearance and lead to his being mistaken for a count. The incident is trivial and hackneyed, not so its development. The stupefied assent of the tailor to the honors that are heaped upon him leads to many absurd situations. Though we despise the man's initial weakness that led him step by step into a web of falsehood, the story is so ingeniously told that we can never withhold our sympathy, and are relieved when all ends well and he wins a rich bride, who having deemed him a count remains faithful to a tailor. The way in which he is unmasked is characteristically Swiss. It is the custom in various parts of the country for the young people of the towns to divert themselves in winter with masquerade sledge processions. Such a procession a few winters ago started from Samaden in the Engadine and visited the neighboring towns, parodying the past and present of that district—the sledges of the past bearing the herdsmen, the spinning-wheels, Alpine horns, and dairy utensils of former days; the sledges of the present containing tourists, red guidebooks in hand, or armed with *Alpenstöcke*, ropes, and ice-axes, waiters and landlords bearing bills of endless length. And such a procession, starting from Seldwyla, proceeded to Goldach to open the eyes of its inhabitants to the real status of their presumed Polish count. Their cavalcade represented a very history of tailoring, depicting tailors of all times and nations. The foremost sledge bore the inscription "Men make Clothes," the last, "Clothes make Men." To the confusion of the luckless workman, the party parade before him as he is about to celebrate his wedding. A gentle touch of irony runs through the whole, revealing how the Swiss, like their brother republicans the Americans, attach great value to titles. "*Faber Fortunæ suæ*" ("The Smith of his Fortune") is a trifle too broad, but it contains some ludicrous scenes. We are not told whether John Kabys knew this proverb—he certainly from boyhood built his life upon the idea. How he sets about achieving his fortune without doing real work for the same, and how his

attempts end in grievous failures, must be read to be enjoyed. The serious close surprises in such a pure extravaganza. John ends by being a nailsmith who late in life learns to know the happiness of modest labor and honest earnings.

"The Misused Love-letters" is a medley of comedy and idyl. Here we are introduced to one of those oddities Seldwyla breeds. Viggi Störteler, a shrewd and respectable merchant, has the magnet to be thought learned, and by-and-by even aspires to authorship. Under the pseudonym of "Kurt of the Forest" he produces some wretched, high-flown novelettes, concocted with ideas stolen from various sources, and a tenth-rate paper publishes his lucubrations. He now thinks himself an author, and desires that his good homely wife should rise to his level, and become educated to be his muse. He plies her in vain with old anthologies and extract books. They convey no meaning to the good housewife, accustomed to look after her domestic concerns and lead an active life. No suggestive utterances fall from her lips. Viggi now thinks a correspondence might rouse her. He has a business journey to make, and will write her romantic letters, to which she must reply. On no account, he enjoins, must domestic or trivial details creep into the letters; these she can add on a separate sheet. The despair of Grittli is great, when, a few hours after her husband's departure, there comes a missive of the most highflown, turgid phrases that were ever bred in the brain of a foolish man. And to this she is to reply in a like strain. In despair she bethinks herself of her neighbor, an usher, who has the reputation of being a poetical dreamer, and who had often cast admiring eyes at the handsome young woman next door. Copying her husband's letter and changing it so that it reads as if addressed to a man, she puts it into the youth's hands and begs him to let her have an answer. She meant no harm: the usher was held fair game by the women folk of Seldwyla, to all of whom he was more or less devoted. In due course William returns her an answer, in no wise behind her husband in sentimentality, and far exceeding it in sense and in reality of feeling. This letter Grittli copies, making the needful changes of sex. Her foolish husband is beside himself with joy when he gets this reply, and instantly writes another yet longer and more bombastic epistle. Grittli again has recourse to William. So for some weeks the two-

fold comedy of errors is played on, Viggi remaining absent longer than he had meant in order that a sufficient number of these letters may accumulate, for he intends to publish them as "The Correspondence of two Contemporaries." Meantime Grittli counted on William's good-nature not to be hurt when he hears the whole thing is a joke. Indeed she had hinted as much to him from the first. But William takes it seriously. One warm autumn day, as he was sitting in the wood, he is suddenly surprised by Viggi Störteler, who had come home unexpectedly. Wishing to avoid him, he rises and walks away, but unfortunately he leaves his pocket-book behind him containing Grittli's letters. This Viggi finds, and, hoping to receive some ideas from the contents, reads with growing astonishment and anger as he recognizes his own words and his wife's writing. He storms home, will listen to no reason, and turns Grittli out of the house. Both sue for divorce, which is accorded on the ground of incompatibility, and Grittli's character is fully re-established, while Viggi is the general mark for ridicule. William, however, is dismissed from his post as an unfit guide for youth. He leaves Seldwyla and farms a lonely plot of land some hours distant. In due time he becomes a worthy, steady character. He still loves Grittli, and she has grown to love him. The story of their courtship and ultimate marriage is a prose pastoral that makes us forget the ludicrous opening of the tale. While in the former part we are in a false and distorted atmosphere, here a breeze which has come across alpine flowers and pure meadow heights animates the whole. As a skit upon the pretensions of would-be authors, the story contains masterly touches, such as when Viggi is always on the search for ideas and characteristics which he carefully notes down, or when he passes an evening with authors of his sort, in whose conversations the words clique, honorarium, publisher, editor, paper, are the most prominent, while books are only read for business, and the classical writers are barely known by name. In "*Dietege*" the scene is laid at the close of the fifteenth century, and deals with the feuds between Seldwyla and a neighboring town, totally unlike it in character. The connecting links are two children, and here again Keller displays his marvellous insight into the complex workings of the childlike mind. His children are singularly real, neither abnormally good

nor naughty, but actual flesh and blood, little mortals foreshadowing their future failings and virtues. And these children remain true to their first draught: the youth and maiden are the parents of the boy and girl. And every incident in their lives and in the hostile attitude of the two towns is rendered with the same fidelity to nature. "*Dietege*" is a complete and well-rounded composition, containing some dainty scenes and picturesque sketches of mediæval life, with its beauty and its cruelty. While "*Dietege*" takes us into the Switzerland of the Middle Ages, "*The Lost Laugh*" shows us its modern aspect, its political agitations, its commercial activity, its religious dissensions. The story opens with a national *fête* upon the lake of Zurich, at which the hero and heroine first meet. The parents of the latter are silk-manufacturers; the former has tried all manner of trades, but has settled to none. This, however, in Switzerland does not necessarily characterize a good-for-nothing as it would with us. There various callings are not so sharply separated. A merchant will turn clergyman, a clergyman merchant, an officer a silk-weaver, without losing caste. Thus Jucundus is no turncoat, but a versatile and restless youth, who, however, proves not sufficiently worldly-wise to cope with others, and nearly comes to grief. The story is loosely put together, and often halts to allow of disquisitions. Yet these are always put into the mouths of the various characters. The author never obtrudes. Nevertheless, we may safely infer that here we gain an insight into Keller's views on the burning questions of the day. We see his ardent Liberalism, his hatred of formalism in any shape, his dislike to phrase-making and the ritual observances which have invaded even the plain Church of Calvin. In "*The Lost Laugh*" it is particularly prominent how Keller's mind has a gait of its own, so that the development of his stories is often slow of growth, and his grasp, though penetrating, seems at times a little uncertain in outline. Consequently he is apt to deviate, but in the end he generally gathers up all his threads, and we come to understand the hidden reason of apparent digressions. The Swiss character, with its healthy and often jejune common sense, its national self-consciousness and democratic pride, its absence of abstract range of thought, its solidity, its true-heartedness and sturdy honesty, is reproduced in the various characters of this story.

Between the publication of the first and second volumes of "The People of Seldwyla" falls a work of a somewhat different kind, namely, a cycle of "Seven Legends." These stories ("Märchen") are perhaps the most individual of Keller's productions, in which his comic instincts, his mirth, now purely genial, now underlaid with earnestness, his fantastic humors, have full play. The legends are all constructed upon the basis of Church traditions. In some cases Keller has merely expanded these, in others he has caught the spirit and form of the narrative, but changed the conditions. The fundamental idea, however, is in all cases subverted. It is the human and natural elements in man that are made to triumph over the unnatural asceticisms of religious fanatics. We are shown how enthusiasm can be carried to an absurd pitch, how, when love interposes, the subject succumbs to natural emotions, and is brought back to earth. Their whole purport is to show that while we are in the world we must do the world's work, and have no right thus to withdraw ourselves from its duties and temptations for the selfish gratification of our own inclinations. Keller is a freethinker in the best and noblest sense of the word, a profoundly religious soul unfettered by forms, and it is against the worship of mere forms that he combats in these legends. But his purpose is hidden under airy conceits, and it is possible to read and enjoy these dainty stories without a guess at their deeper aim. Written in the spirit of the Middle Ages, which saw no irreverence in familiarity with divine things, they are carried out in the pure and delicate spirit of noble humanism. Perhaps the most racy and original is Keller's amplification of the old legend told by St. Gregory of Nyssa, of Musa, the girl who loved dancing, and was forbidden by the Virgin to exercise her pastime upon earth. In accordance with the records of the same Church father, the nine Muses were permitted to quit hell once a year and enter heaven. Keller has availed himself of this notion, and depicts the manner in which this one day was spent. The Muses, in gratitude for this annual respite from torment, compose a hymn of praise, which they propose to perform the next time they are admitted within the precincts of paradise. Words and melody are modelled upon the psalms they hear the angels sing. But, alas! the earth-tones, the earth-yearnings, the minor key of unfulfilled desires and

aspirations so sobs through their composition that what seemed cheerful, sounds like wailing when heard in heaven. Their hymn creates a disturbance, and the nine are thenceforth banished from heaven for all time. The semi-comic, semi-mournful manner in which this incident is told is incomparable, and so is the roguish gravity, the quiet, unforced satire, that runs through these seven tales.

We come now to the last book published by Keller. He is not, therefore, as we see, a prolific writer, and hence has the right to be heard, as he only speaks when he has something to say. "Zürich Novelettes" ("Zürcher Novellen"), is the collective title of the series. The fair city of Zurich was till lately full of old-fashioned ways and things, and boasts a long and agitated history, which furnishes rich matter to a chronicler. Keller traces this from mediæval times down to the present day, connecting the whole by a loose framework, which probably serves an allegorical purpose. The stories are supposed to be told by a godfather to his godson, Jaques, a youth whose one desire it was to be an original, and who had read, to his sorrow, that our modern conditions do not produce originals, but that all people are alike, as though turned out by the dozen. He was determined to make an attempt to rise above this modern curse. He had various projects for achieving distinction. He had already planned a new Ovid, which was to deal with the metamorphoses of nymphs and mortals into the plants and dyes used in his father's factory, only somehow the subject was not inspiring, and the book advanced no further than the title. One fine afternoon he wandered along the banks of the Sihl, recalling all the classical memories that hung around them, and hoping for inspiration there; instead, the more prosaic observation would force itself upon him that Zurich must consume a great deal of firewood, to judge by the quantity of timber that floated down the stream, and he began a rough calculation as to costs and profits. His godfather undertook to prove to him how such forced attempts are not originality, how a good original is only a person who deserves to be imitated, and such an one is any one person who carries out thoroughly whatever he undertakes to do, even though this something be nothing specially extraordinary. And to do this is so rare that those who achieve it are therefore original, and stand forth from among their fellows. Is this a

note of warning from Keller to his town-folk, who still arrogate to themselves learned airs because once upon a time their city was a centre of learning, and whose present hard-headed manufacturing proclivities are not compatible therewith, and hence produce a mongrel and far from pleasant type of character?

As a type of excellence, the first stories introduce us to the old Zurich family of Manesse, and we follow their fortunes from the end of the thirteenth to the middle of the fifteenth century. Till quite recently there stood in Zurich an old tower, the last remnant of the town house of the Manesse family, of whom one at least, Rüdiger von Manesse, erected to himself a less perishable monument. For to him we owe the "*Manesse Codex*," preserved at Paris, the most important MS. collection of Minnesinger songs on record. This was made at Rüdiger's instigation by Hadlaub, the son of a free Zurich peasant, and who became known as an early German poet. He is the hero of the story, which consists of a series of episodes, and is somewhat rambling and discursive. As is the case with all Keller's stories, its charm lies in the telling. There are no stirring incidents, but there is much *naïveté* and many pretty scenes. Mediæval Zurich is conjured before us; we live among its worldly bishops and nuns, its knights and ladies, and share their intellectual pleasure when Hadlaub discovers a forgotten poem of Walter von der Vogelweide, or timidly brings forward one of his own. This occupation with poetry has made him a poet too, who by his songs and his charms wins the hand of Fides, the lovely daughter of the Bishop of Constance. The love-story, which runs like a golden thread through the narrative, beginning unconsciously when the two are children, is told in Keller's happiest and most delicate vein. No less finely drawn, and absolutely natural, is the last of the race, Ital Manesse, a gifted and agreeable man, who, wanting in all powers of endurance, sprang restlessly from one occupation to another, came to no good, and missed everywhere the blessings and joys that life could afford him. There was still one Manesse, a degenerate scion, who was known as the fool, and inhabited the ruined family castle until it was burned down over his head. This man's one aim in life was to pass off as something different from what he was, and over this endeavor his character warped and his brain gave way. Now it was his desire to impress the

landfolk with the conviction that he was a learned prelate, again he wished to appear a valiant warrior. Distinction at all hazards was his craving, but when the moment came to prove the reality of his boasts his courage evaporated like Falstaff's. He is a grotesque and ludicrous figure, conceived and delineated with power and psychological insight.

So far the symbolical has been uppermost in these stories, and there is less of the humorous element than usual. This comes forward again in the next, "*The Landvogt of Greifensee*," a story that misses excellence from its prolixity, but which would be delicious if tersely told. The fundamental idea is sufficiently humorous, and we are assured that it is founded on fact. The hero is Salomon Landolt, who created the corps of Zurich Sharpshooters. He was not happy in his love-affairs: four fair ones jilted him, and a fifth refused to marry him, although she loved him truly, on account of madness in her family. After many years, when all but this one were married, to give himself a happy day and to banish all irritation forever, Landolt invited his five former loves to spend a day with him at his official residence, not informing any one that she was to meet the others. The *dénouement* is highly absurd, and the whole ends merrily and well. These five ancient flames furnish vignettes of various types of Swiss women, of whom the brightest and most charming is the unmarried Figura Leu. The background is formed of pictures from the life of eighteenth-century Zurich, with its sumptuary laws, its strict Calvinism, its æsthetic coqueteries. It was the period of the literary controversies between Switzerland and Leipzig, and Bodmer is introduced as he walks on the ramparts, surrounded by admiring disciples, to whom he is dictatorially expounding his views on poetry, or telling them news of what is going on in the world, as for example, that the magistrates of Danzig have resolved in council that the young burghers of their town shall be forbidden to employ the hexameter measure in their poetic flights, on account of the improper and revolutionary character of this form of rhythm. We are transported back into a windstill period, where life did not tear along so fast, where love endured, where feuds were hotly waged and not soon forgotten, where hurry and speed were words unknown. It is perhaps because he realized this too vividly that Keller has spun out this story unduly.

This censure does not apply to "Ur-sula." Here in a condensed narrative is brought before us with bold and powerful strokes the Zurich of Zwingli's day, introducing the religious and political changes wrought by this reformer. Keller's story deals chiefly with the Anabaptist movement, which he regards as one of the inevitable ugly excrescences produced by every great revolution, and he produces with horrible fidelity the delirious speeches and deeds of this misguided faction. In this story the plot is nothing, the accessories are everything. "The Flag of the Seven Upright Ones" is perfect all round, and a worthy pendant to the "Romeo and Juliet of the Village." Plot, treatment, *mise en scène*, all are original and equally excellent, and give full scope to Keller's peculiar talents. His best quips and quirks, his best vein of drollery, his gentle satire, his tenderness, are all represented here. In the "Romeo and Juliet," the fathers' hatred separated the children: here the fathers were the best of friends, but they did not wish the young people to marry because the one was rich and the other poor. For the father of Karl Hediger was only a tailor, while Hermine Frymann's was a master carpenter, who owned a stately house and yard on the lake, and could afford to give his daughter a dowry. The two had known each other since childhood, and it was hard that they should suddenly be forbidden to meet. But so it had been resolved at the last meeting of the Club of the Seven Upright Ones. This club consisted of seven worthy friends who met twice a week alternately at the house of two of their number who were innkeepers. They were all tradesmen, ardent politicians, patriots, lovers of freedom, and stern home despots. Born in the last century, they had witnessed as children the downfall of the old times and the birth-throes of the new, and had held together manfully during the agitated period of Swiss history, when aristocrats and Jesuits threatened the unity and goodfellowship of the little State, until in 1848, after the eighteen days' war with the Sonderbund, Switzerland broke forever with the Jesuits and revived to new strength and unity. Some of these men came from the former subject States of the confederacy, and remembered how as children they had to kneel down by the roadside when a coachful of dignitaries passed; others had been related to imprisoned or executed revolutionists, and all were filled with a burning hatred of

aristocracy and priesthood. They formed this club as a bulwark against such enemies, and they were ever true to their cause, asked for no reward for their exertions, and placed all individual advantages in the background if these came into conflict with their consciences. But now that since 1848 the new constitution seemed to have guaranteed all they had struggled for, there were fewer political matters to discuss, and hence domestic troubles were also brought forward and talked over with great impartiality at their meetings. On the night that the story opens, the subject under discussion was a visit the club as a body proposed to pay to the next shooting-fête at Aarau, the first held since the new constitution came into force. It was the evening of the club's political life — how could they close it more worthily than by such a demonstration? A member proposed that they should march to Aarau with a flag of their own, another that they should present a handsome prize at the fête. Both proposals were accepted, and the details hotly discussed. The design of the flag did not occupy them long, but what was the gift to be? The seven staunch friends, whose friendship all political agitations and divergencies had not shaken, nearly fell out over this deliberation. For while seeking to do an honor to their country they also sought to do a little stroke of business for themselves. Kuser, the silversmith, proposed they should present a silver cup that he had had by him for years, and which he would sell them cheap for the glory of the fatherland. Syfrig, the blacksmith, recommended an ornamental plough which he had exhibited at the last agricultural show. Bürgi, the cabinetmaker, offered a four-post bedstead he had made for a couple whose wedding never took place. This last proposition, however, raised only ridicule. Then followed Pfister, one of the innkeepers, with a warm commendation of his red Schweizerblut of '34; and Erismann, the farmer, proposed a young cow of pure breed, but who was known to be a kicker. At last a cup was decided upon, but it was to be made and designed for the occasion. This matter settled Frymann brought forward his grievance, that Hediger's son was courting his daughter, and he explained to him how he could not do with a poor son-in-law. Hediger by no means took his friend's frankness amiss; they were quite agreed that the match was undesirable. They would not become relations; they reiterated they would remain friends —

no more and no less. The other members twitted them gently with their resolve, and asked them if they were so very sure that young love could be checked by convention, and were willing to bet that Cupid's wiles would prove too strong for the fathers. Not so; they persisted — were they not of the number of the upright and firm, and would they not be so still? But the young couple were resolved not to be parted thus easily. July and the shooting-festival approached, the cup and flag were ready, when it dawned on the club that their gift must be introduced by a speech. But who should hold this? All hung back, none would undertake the task. At last by lot it fell to Frymann. For days beforehand he was miserable, could think of nothing to say but fierce and inappropriate invectives against the Jesuits. The great day arrived, the little faithful band drove to Aarau in a four-horse omnibus, they marched in procession, Frymann carrying the flag with a face as though he were going to execution. They neared the confederate tent, and at the last moment his courage failed him, and he declared he could not speak: and so this glorious and patriotic expedition seemed likely to end in failure. But Hermine had foreseen some such catastrophe when she bade Karl be sure to come to Aarau for the *fête*. He now volunteered to be spokesman for the band, and Frymann himself was the first to assent, and hand him over the flag. Karl then pronounced an admirable discourse, in which he explained with tender humor the aims and purposes of these seven grey-headed men, and offered their gift to the fatherland. Applause greeted his words; the seven marched away from the tent, pleased with themselves and him. The friends seconded Frymann's proposal to give his daughter to this worthy youth; and at last, not without difficulty, the proud and sternly radical Hediger also gave his consent, on the condition that Frymann should allow the pair no more money than was good for them. The story, of which this is the bald outline, is full of freshness and beauty. It is easy to see that what Keller describes here is a reflection of the men and scenes among which he moves, and the picture of Swiss life as here presented will be new to most readers who know little or nothing of the distinctive feelings and modes of life of this little people. It also contains strongly emphasized a distinctive feature of Keller's genius. This is the genial nature of his

humor. He makes us smile at his characters without injury to their dignity. While we are amused at the weaknesses of poor humanity, we never lose our respect for the persons in whom these weaknesses are embodied. We smile gently over the heads of the seven upright veterans, while at the same time their creator forces us to bow down with respect for their integrity and high-minded purposes.

We must still say a word about Keller's manner, which is no less his own than his matter. He handles the German language with rare skill; no conventional phrases, no rhetorical flourishes, no affectations or mannerisms disfigure his pages. His style is simple and unadorned, and hence perfectly in keeping with the homely republican nature of his characters; yet withal so pithy, piquant, quaint, that the most ordinary expressions acquire a new force under his pen, and the whole effect is far removed from commonplace. Not the least of Keller's charms lies in his style, his happy mode of narration. Such, briefly, is the Swiss writer whose remarkable originality we have tried faintly to indicate.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

From The Saturday Review.
OUT OF IT.

THERE are some slang phrases which, if possibly objectionable, are certainly expressive. We are not prepared to trace the origin of the expression which forms the subject of this article, but we believe that most of our readers will allow that it would accurately describe the condition in which, on more than one occasion in the course of their lives, they have found themselves. Without attempting a definition of the expression, we appeal to every one who has experienced the sensation which it describes, to say whether or not he enjoyed himself under the circumstances. The worst of such a condition is that in most cases it involves a certain amount of disappointment. It may occasionally overtake us when we expected nothing else, but it comes more commonly when we had hoped for far better things. People often imagine that, if they could only get the *entrée* into some envied clique, their position and happiness would be assured for the terms of their natural lives. At last the much-desired opportunity presents itself, and

they enter the celestial portals. Their surroundings when they find themselves there may possibly surpass their fondest wishes, but as regards themselves, all is not satisfactory; on the contrary, they are conscious of a complete though indescribable failure, and they collapse with the lugubrious acknowledgment that somehow they feel "out of it." They are painfully conscious that they have nothing in common with the inhabitants of their longed-for paradise; and these exalted beings give them clearly to understand that they look upon them as flies in their ointment. To have the cup of happiness snatched from one's grasp just as one is putting it to one's lips is mortifying, and the sense of disappointment of one's fondest hopes is even worse. In these days, "society," in one form or another, is the most run after of all will-o'-the-wisps, and there are many thousands of people whose highest desire is to be on a familiar footing with some coterie which more especially recommends itself to their tastes. They are ever on the watch for an opportunity of inserting the thin end of the wedge into the desired set. There is great diversity of opinion as to what is the most delectable of earthly circles; but one or two descriptions, taken at random, will easily exemplify the common experience of searchers after social perfection.

There are many people, for instance, who read a little, talk a great deal, and think scarcely at all, and yet imagine themselves to be literary, and entertain an ardent longing to get into a literary set. After anxious and weary struggles they obtain the acquaintance of an intellectual lion-hunter, and, by dint of perseverance, induce this being to invite them to meet some literary people. We will imagine a would-be member of such a clique going to a dinner-party of this description. He congratulates himself that the golden gates are at last about to open to him, and he feels that, after all, patience and dogged perseverance are always rewarded in the end. He is about to find himself among congenial spirits, and his own true worth is going to be for the first time appreciated. Instead of feeling that he is going amongst strangers, he rather seems to be returning to his own brethren and his father's house. On entering the drawing-room, the first thing that strikes him is the ugliness of most of his fellow-guests. His genial host takes him by the arm, and confidentially tells him "who's who." As each celeb-

rity is pointed out to him, he feels as if a star had fallen from his little heaven, so disappointing are the fleshly appearances of these great writers in comparison with the ideals which he had previously formed of them. He is sent in to dinner with the daughter of a savant. He tries to say something clever on the staircase, and tells an amusing literary anecdote as soon as he is seated at the dinner-table; but "Yes," "No," and "Really," seem to constitute the entire vocabulary of his companion. As he cannot succeed in interesting the fair creature, he tries his other neighbor. This is a lady with a long skinny neck, whose dress resembles a flimsy yellow sack. He talks books and magazines to her for a few minutes, and receives a little cold encouragement. She then smiles for the first time, and quietly says, "You seem to have read a great deal of rubbish." After this he relapses into silence for a time, and has leisure to observe the *litterati* devouring their food. There is a famous poet at the opposite end of the table, but all that he can see of him is that he is fat, and has a long grey beard. There is a red-whiskered man, and there is a red-nosed man, and he knows that one of them is a writer and politician of high reputation; but he could not quite make out from his host's description before dinner whether the nose or the whiskers belonged to the genius. Immediately opposite to him sits a well-known writer of articles in the magazines, whom his host told him he ought to know. This gentleman is apparently a clergyman, and does not look very clean. He never has the opportunity of getting a single word with him during the evening. A famous novelist is in full view. Her books are intellectual, with a strong flavor of the romantic. There is a spirit in them that yearns for the days to come when modern science shall have torn away the veils of prejudice and superstition, and the new gospel shall be fearlessly preached. She wears a false front, and seems uninterested in anything except her dinner. Near her sits the writer of some amusing but naughty novels. She has a stern face, and looks like a severe governess. The idea of facing these viragos when they shall be let loose in the drawing-room is terrifying to our novice; but it is some temporary relief to his mind when they leave the room, and the men draw up to one end of the table. He finds, however, that nobody cares to talk to him or to hear what he has to say; so he might as

well have saved himself the trouble of cramming up all the leading weeklies and monthlies for the occasion. The whole party listen to the conversation of two men who "talk like books," as unlearned people sometimes say. The most ignorant man in England who would hold his tongue would have made an excellent member of a literary party of this kind, and our novice begins to be conscious that he can scarcely have been invited on account of his prodigious talents. In the drawing-room he finds that the guests break up into little groups, and converse confidentially, and he himself is left to his own devices. At last a charitable savant takes pity upon him and enters into a conversation on topics which he thinks suited to the inferior intellect of a poor creature evidently belonging to the outer world. Although the experience is humiliating, even talk of this kind is better than none; but it is scarcely begun when silence is ordered that one of the company may give a recitation in French, and soon after that the party breaks up. As he drives home the aspirant feels that his entrance into literary society has been far from a marked success, and he owns to himself that he had never in his life felt so much "out of it" as he did during the last three hours. If this is the way in which the learned spend their evenings he would rather dine at his club, and it seems probable that the men and women of letters whom he has just left will offer no obstacle to his doing so.

When a man takes a good house in a good country neighborhood, armed with the best introductions, and is invited immediately to dine at the best house in that best of neighborhoods, he has every reason for self-congratulation; but let us observe how he passes his evening. The chances are that he finds a large party, and that he and his wife and the curate are the only guests who are not staying in the house. The names of the ladies, written on slips of paper, are thrown into a china bowl, and the gentlemen draw them like lots, in order to see who they are to take into the dining-room. The stranger finds himself between two ladies whom he has never seen before, nor is likely to see again, while his wife is between the London doctor and the agent of the Irish estate. The party in the house have their own jokes and interests. At the mention of some apparently meaningless words there is immense amusement, concerning the origin of which the

outsiders are absolutely ignorant. The subjects talked of are chiefly the incidents of the day's shooting, or the details of a practical joke played in the house the night before, or the doings of some friends of the family who are mentioned by their Christian names only. The host and hostess are genial enough to the newcomers, but they introduce them to nobody, and talk of little but the common friends to whom their acquaintance is due. This is so much the case that they almost seem to say, "We should certainly not have called upon you at all if Lady Plantagenet had not asked us to do so, and we have undergone the nuisance of having you to dinner (once) to please her only." When the dining-room is deserted, most of the party, both male and female, go into the billiard or music rooms, while only the unhappy outsiders, the hostess, and one aged lady remain to "do company" in the drawing-room. The new neighbors naturally feel that, though present in body, they are, socially speaking, out of the whole thing, and the servant who announces that their carriage is at the door, seems like an angel of mercy come to their relief.

To be suddenly thrown amongst a fast set is to ordinary people much the same thing as to be thrown on dry land would be to a fish. The very language of his new acquaintances is to him incomprehensible. A great deal of their talk is made up of apparently unmeaning phrases and scraps from comic songs. Their social intercourse consists of a rough horse-play, in which the ladies join with even greater spirit than the men. In this happy coterie there seem to be two or three "butts," who positively take a pleasure in being affronted for the amusement of the company, while there are one or two ladies who appear to be privileged to say or do whatever they please, and to insult any of the men either by word or act, according to their fancy. A person who has not been fully initiated into these and the other mysteries of this wonderful confraternity is made to feel painfully conscious that he is an outsider, and he is certain to receive no attention or hospitality beyond mere meat and drink. We will cite only one other instance of occasions when one is likely to feel "out of it." A friend invites our wife to luncheon. She implores her to come any day or every day. Whenever they meet, she pesters her to come over at the earliest opportunity without the formality of send-

ing a previous notice. At last our wife takes her at her word, and drives (five miles) to the house of her importunate acquaintance. Another and more intimate friend of the hostess happens to have arrived a few minutes earlier, and it is at once evident that a mistake has been committed, although it is too late for retreat. Throughout luncheon, as well as before and after, the hostess talks almost entirely to her more honored guest, and on pretence of taking the latter to her bedroom for a minute to give her a little sal-volatile for her headache, remains closeted with her for three-quarters of an hour, leaving her other guest to amuse herself with the reflection that she is altogether "out of it."

It may be that in our times well-bred people are not so flagrantly rude to those whose company they dislike as they used to be in days gone by. There may be none of the coarse rebuffs or duel-provoking insults which were common in the latter part of the last century; but it seems to us that neither is the gentleman of our time so courteous as the man of the old school; and if the man of breeding of the present day is under no circumstances so offensive as was his progenitor when put out, he far more frequently succeeds in making those whom he does not care to please feel uncomfortable, unwelcome, and, in the slang phraseology of the period, thoroughly out of it. And if the man of modern times is an offender in this respect, the woman is often even more guilty. She revels in the art of being politely disagreeable, and enjoys nothing so much as seeing others feel themselves to be in a false position.

From Nature.

MUSICAL PITCH.

ALTHOUGH the outside world knows little about it, the question of musical pitch causes great anxiety to the public singer, to the conductor of operas and choirs, and to musical-instrument makers generally. Musical instruments are divided into two classes: those with fixed and those with variable tones. The first comprises organs and pianos and most brass and wood wind-instruments. The trombone, the bowed instruments, and the human voice are variable. Even the latter, however, can vary only within narrow limits, so that they cannot extend

their compass at will. In the voice especially, although a few exceptional singers can, so to speak, acrobatize in music to the wonder of the public, yet the really good and usable part of even their compass for every-day work is comparatively limited, and if they are called upon frequently to sing either at their highest or lowest, the voice rapidly deteriorates, and wonder is changed to compassion. Violins even cannot afford to be "screwed up or down" too much, and rather prefer altering the thickness of their strings, with by no means a general improvement of effect. The thin strings are particularly objectionable in instruments only too prone to be played cuttingly. And clarinets and oboes, and even trumpets, when they are made short and narrow for high pitch, are only fit to be heard out of doors, as in military bands.

The whole secret of the difficulty lies in this: musical notes do not represent fixed and determinate sounds. The sounds collectively, when once the system of the scale is determined, are indeed fixed relatively to one sound, but that one has varied and does vary immensely. It has become quite an antiquarian problem to determine what sounds the writer of a piece of music attributed to his notes. This problem has to a great extent been solved by Mr. Alexander J. Ellis in a paper recently read before the Society of Arts and abstracted below, and we wish here to draw attention to the practical result of his labors.

Very little turns upon the music of more than three hundred years ago. It must be transposed, as is common with Orlando Gibbons's church music, and written in notes which at the current value will indicate sounds lying within the power of the singer. There is comparatively little of such music, and hence it is not difficult to reproduce it in the required form. It is only convenient to note in passing how very widely the meaning of the notes then differed from ours, Gibbons using a pitch which Mr. Ellis estimates as a whole fourth above Handel's. But this does not apply to the great mass of classical music which has appeared since the beginning of the eighteenth century. When equal temperament (a babe of less than forty years old in England, as Mr. Ellis's facts establish) has a notation of its own, as has recently been proposed in Germany, and ceases to wear the clothes which Salinas designed in 1577, then it will become neces-

sary to transcribe these works. In the mean time we must use what we have to the best advantage, and as much as it is possible in the sense which the composers intended. And what was that? The principal historical fact which Mr. Ellis seems to have established is that all over Europe, for two centuries, down to 1816 at earliest in Vienna, later in the rest of Germany and in France, and down to 1828 in England (taking the Philharmonic Concerts as the standard), the sound assigned to the tuning A did not vary above one-sixth of a tone above or below the value of Handel's own fork, now in the possession of the Rev. G. T. Driffield, rector of Bow, and that hence this well-known fork represents the mean pitch of Europe for all classical music. What is that pitch? It is five-eighths of a tone below the pitch of the great concert organs at the Crystal Palace, the Albert Hall, and Alexandra Palace. When during a hot June or July day at the Crystal Palace on a Handel Commemoration the temperature, and hence the pitch of the organ, is driven up, Handel's music has to be sung three-quarters of a tone at least, sometimes a whole tone, higher than he imagined when he wrote it. The strain thus laid on the sopranos and tenors, especially in the choruses, is out of all reason, and the music, deprived of its proper fullness and richness, loses greatly in effect. Of course such a practice can only be excused on the ground of ignorance, and that is a plea which can no longer be raised after the proofs which have been adduced.

But what is to be done? Much music, considerably less in quantity, and perhaps in quality, if we except Mendelssohn's, has been written to a much higher pitch. Thus the celebrated Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, representing Mendelssohn's pitch, were a whole semitone sharper than Handel's fork, as is shown by Mr. Ellis. Are we to destroy the new music for the sake of the old, as we now destroy the old for the sake of the new? Or are we to have two sets of instruments — two organs at the Crystal Palace and Albert Hall, or at least two sets of stops in the same case? Of course such ideas are wild, though not so wild as they look, for Dresden has two sets of instruments, and old churches (as the cathedral at Lübeck and the Franciscan Convent at Vienna) have two organs in different pitches, nay, one German organ certainly had stops in two pitches differing by a

minor third. We have however no need to have recourse to such devices. The French commission on pitch in 1858 has given a satisfactory answer to the question. It has settled a value for A nearly half-way between the old and the new, but, as is just, rather nearer to the old, and has fixed this pitch by a beautiful standard fork properly preserved in the Musée du Conservatoire at Paris, the only real standard of pitch in the world. This diapason normal is exactly two-eighths of a tone above Handel's fork, and about three-eighths of a tone below the Crystal Palace organ at mean temperatures, that is, below our highest concert pitch. An important resolution was passed at Dresden in 1862 by eminent conductors (quoted by Mr. Ellis), saying that such "a lowering of pitch to the new Paris standard appears equally desirable and satisfactory for singers and for orchestra; that quality of tone would gain, the brilliancy of the band would not be lost, and the power of the singers would not be so severely taxed or strained."

The rise in pitch since 1816 has been the result of a series of accidents. Nothing approaching to scientific or musical thought appears in it. The most that can now be done is to recognize its existence by adopting the French compromise. And, by the way, this is by no means French except in name, for in 1828 Sir George Smart, then conductor of the Philharmonic, adopted what was practically the same pitch in England, and the greater number of so-called Philharmonic forks sold down to thirty years ago gave the C of the later French pitch. It has left its impress, too, on numerous organs which during this period were tuned to "Smart's pitch," as it was then called. It is in fact a long-tried English pitch, displaced only by accidental circumstances during Costa's conductorship of the Philharmonic. In France its use is universal, in Germany it was generally accepted, though a fresh rise is there perceptible, in Madrid it has lately been adopted, and even in Belgium, the only country in Europe which approaches the English heights of pitch, a recent commission reported in its favor for both concerts and military bands. Finally, the enormous inconvenience felt by singers accustomed to this pitch, when coming over for a London season or special concerts (as at the recent Wagner festival, according to Wagner's own statement), have induced the Covent Garden Opera to revert to it

again this season, so that musicians will have an excellent opportunity of judging of its effect.

A strong argument usually brought against a change of pitch is the difficulty of getting new brass and wood instruments. The French pitch has now lasted long enough for good instruments to be made in it, and it is in fact more easy, out of London, to obtain instruments in that pitch than in any other. But considering that it was used in England and in France for about twenty years prior to 1850, and that the bands accommodated themselves to the gradual change then, there seems no reason why they should not do so now. Organs present a difficulty, but no mercy should be shown to them. Organs sharpen so much by temperature in a concert room crowded or lighted up, or in summer, that it is really inhuman to build organs that even at mean temperatures strain the voice of a singer of Handel to follow. They are essentially solo instruments. French pitch is the highest admissible pitch for organs which have to lead voices, and those which are sharper should be flattened forthwith. Church organs are even now usually constructed but a trifle sharper than French pitch. As for pianos, it is well known that the concert grand pianos improve in richness

and quality of tone by being brought down to French pitch. It is a mere matter of stringing and tuning, not of construction.

Besides the importance of having a uniform pitch to the singer and the manufacturers of instruments, there is a theoretical advantage to the listener. With equal temperament when properly carried out, the relations of the intervals in different keys remain precisely the same, and the effect of change of key therefore is due to the change of pitch of the tonic and its related notes. When the ear is accustomed to one pitch it easily recognizes the key. When the pitch varies from time to time and place to place, the sense of key becomes deadened and lost, and even the most experienced ears become confused. Hence, both theoretically and practically uniformity of pitch is imperative. Practically an intermediate pitch between the old pitch of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and the new pitch of Mendelssohn, Costa, and Verdi, is the only one feasible to allow of both kinds of music being played by one organ or one band. And such a pitch is the French, the pitch of all French and most German modern music, the pitch in which the works of Wagner can alone be properly heard.

TAPESTRY.—It is difficult to fix the precise period at which the manufacture of tapestry in a loom began in European countries. Several documents, going back to the tenth and eleventh centuries, establish the fact that in certain convents in France carpets made of wool, ornamented with flowers and animals, and even hangings representing religious subjects, as well as portraits of kings or emperors, were woven for the decoration of churches and palaces, but no positive knowledge of the mode of manufacture employed at that time has come down to us. It is probable that these hangings were rather embroidered stuffs—like that preserved in the *mairie* at Bayeux, which records events in the conquest of England by the Normans, in 1066—than actual tapestries made in a loom. This kind of fabric was known in the Middle Ages by the name of "Sarrazinois" carpets, and had, doubtless, been brought from the East either by the Saracens of Spain or at the close of the Crusades. It was towards the end of the twelfth century that the Flemish weavers began to make use of high-warp and low-warp looms, and to man-

ufacture real tapestry. The art rapidly developed in their country, both on account of the excellent methods of dyeing employed by the weavers, and also by reason of the abundance and quality of the wool, which was sent to them from England. France, so prosperous in the thirteenth century, soon followed the towns of the north in this branch of industry. These new manufactures became from that time the rivals of the Sarrazinois tapestries, which were very inferior in workmanship, and many disputes arose, both in Flanders and in Paris, between the representatives of the two industries. It appears that in Paris the demand for Sarrazinois tapestries had even increased, and the workmen employed on them had formed a powerful corporation. In the inventories or accounts of that period which have come down to us, the Sarrazinois tapestries are distinguished from high and low warp tapestries. The former are designated *embroideries*, the latter are generally called *arras*. This distinction was kept up till the period of the Renaissance.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.